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# The American Girl

For Girls Published by the Girl Scouts

JULY, 1933



George F.  
Wistenuff

Beginning *The Log of the Altair* by EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

# Last Call for Fifty!

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## STORIES

Scatter returns in the August issue. This time the story tells of her adventures with Bingo Baxter and Nancy Greenough at Camp Andree. The things she does in order to add *Land Animal Finder* to her collection of badges will keep you rocking with laughter. There is only one Scatter!

Bender, good old Bender, gets into a *Kettle of Fish* in the next story to appear soon. Donna takes him on a cruise with the salmon fishing fleet off Vancouver. Bender foils a villain and has a royal good time doing it.

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fun and high adventure in each issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL—as girls know.

## AND ARTICLES

*Stunts for Sandbars*, by Lucile Marsh, is another from the fascinating list of articles to appear during the summer. You will read about books, good looks, cooking, poetry and learn how to make clothes, and try a score of other fascinating pursuits and pastimes.

There will be more thrilling talks similar to *What Do You Want To Be?* written in the June issue by Mary Margaret McBride. And in each issue there will be at least one of those helpful *How-to-Make* articles which will inspire you to make something that will save you many times the cost of a five months' subscription to your magazine.

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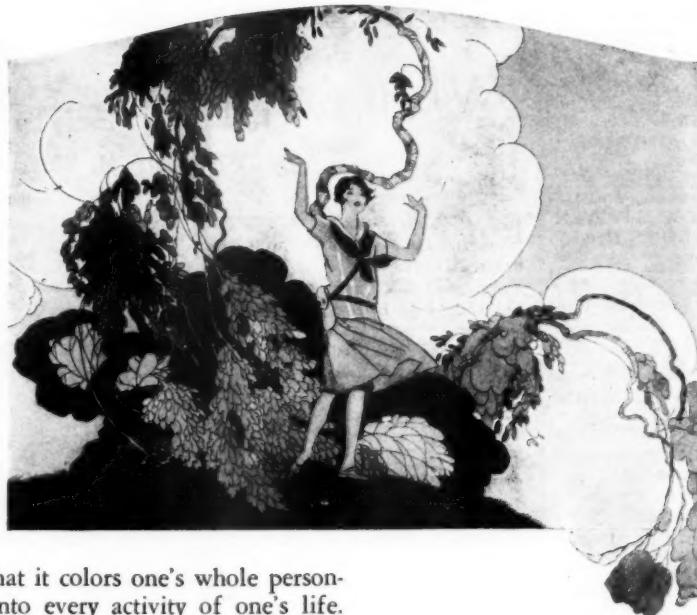
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# Along the Editor's Trail

SHE is a good sport." "She doesn't know what sportsmanship is." You've all heard people described in one or the other of these sentences. And immediately you've almost subconsciously registered the comment, "Well, I'd like to know her," or "I shouldn't care about meeting her." For sportsmanship is such an important quality that it colors one's whole personality and extends into every activity of one's life.

Some people make the mistake of thinking of sportsmanship only in connection with games. "Does she lose well?" "Does she win gracefully?" "Does she take unfair advantages?" They ask these questions about a tennis or golf player or a member of the school basketball team. But sportsmanship goes further than that. One of the best sports I ever knew—a woman—never went on a tennis court or golf course. She wasn't even interested in backgammon and bridge. But when dealing with her socially or in business, one knew at once that, if she had played games, she would have played them fairly. Her word was absolutely to be trusted. She didn't say one thing and mean another. She didn't dodge unpleasant duties when it was up to her to perform them. She had the admirable, rare and all-important faculty of minding her own business. And, in no matter what



position of authority she found herself, she took no unfair advantages.

No, sportsmanship should not begin and end with games and camping and school examinations. It should be carried into social and business life. Years ago, when it was an unusual thing for a woman to go to college or to work outside the home, those who held professional or office jobs and

disadvantages with occasionally had to resort to unsportsmanlike methods in order to keep their footing.

But the case of the post-war woman is different. Her position as an individual in nearly all walks of life, is much more secure. And as a respected and responsible person she is expected to observe certain rules—to play the game.

It is a good thing to know that you who are growing up and who will eventually be the women who will help to make homes and to carry on the business and philanthropy of the country, are learning at your schools and at your camps and through your Girl Scouting the true scope and meaning of sportsmanship. Happy the girl whose friends sum up her character in those words, "She's a good sport."

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ANNE STODDARD, *Editor*  
ALICE WADE ROBINSON, *Managing Editor*

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Canadian, \$35 extra a year for postage, \$70 for two years; foreign, \$75 extra a year for postage, \$100 for two years. Remit by *money orders* for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.; Pacific Coast, 156 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif. New England States: Door & Corbett, Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

VOLUME XVI

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

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## THE AMERICAN GIRL

570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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NUMBER 7





IT IS *Tenpenny Girl* that has set you agog. Is it perhaps because of the problem involved, or is it because a great many of you have younger brothers and sisters to whom you wish to pass on certain valuable lessons in experience? Or, is it merely that the author, Gladys Hasty Carroll, has caught your interest with as good a story for girl readers as is her present best-seller with grown-ups? Whatever it is, the author has induced you to don your thinking caps and to tell THE AMERICAN GIRL what you think about it.

EVERY single inch of the May issue is so interesting that I can hardly wait for the June magazine," writes Mary Wilde of Flemington, New Jersey. "*Tenpenny Girl* is thrilling. What's going to happen in the final instalment is what I'm wondering." Libby Klein of Cincinnati says that "*Tenpenny Girl* has started out grand. Meg and Phyllis are ideal girls both in life and in fiction," but Libby wants more Jo Ann. She says, "Our whole class in school is going simply wild over them. The illustrations are so odd, unreal really, but yet they're perfect." From Ohio, too, comes a note from Lura Brown of Toledo. "I can hardly wait for the outcome of the sale in *Tenpenny Girl*. It's an adorable story." Oh, by the way—Lura is "all a thrill at the announcement of the Playwrighting Contest." She says further, "It's a contest I've longed for for a long time and I have planned a dozen plays already."

NATALIE CLYNE of Joliet, Illinois stresses the problem part of *Tenpenny Girl*. "I just can't resist telling you how much I enjoyed it. I'm so sick of going to parties and dances where only certain girls who are flirts and act helpless go. They are so silly. I really feel sort of guilty going to parties when some girls like Cora and Mary and Pauline of *Tenpenny Girl* did the decorating of the place and worked so hard fixing things for the party and then—don't go. I'm anxiously awaiting the next instalment to see if it gives me any ideas for treating with the problems that face me in school."

MARY ROESCH of Port Huron, Michigan found a schoolmate quite by chance who also took THE AMERICAN GIRL. That was knowledge enough. They immediately became fast friends. Mary wishes for more "outdoor stories about dogs and tomboys and Girl Scout camp life." The July, August and September issues ought to satisfy Mary—she will find her wish gratified, what with Bender and Scatter and lots of Girl Scout news from camps on land and sea. There will be a great many good photographs sent in by you, too.

## Well, of All Things!

IT'S GREAT fun to live on a ranch, of course, and to have as has Flora Garland of Cascade, Colorado a "life like that lived in Lenora Mattingly Weber's *Little Eva*" but "it's as much fun," since there are few girls where Flora lives, "to have a real pal in THE AMERICAN GIRL. I have taken it for three or four years."

AND from Lausanne, Switzerland Betsy Frith tells us what "a good companion THE AMERICAN GIRL" is to her. "I have been taking the magazine now for several years," Betsy's letter says. "Before that I had no pleasure to look forward to monthly but now it is with great joy I recognize the familiar brown, travel-worn cover paper. Often, I am impolite to Momie by plunking myself down and reading my magazine before her guests. THE AMERICAN GIRL is the only English I am permitted to read, even after practically two years of French. Maybe some day I shall write for my magazine."

CERTAINLY, Miss Cades's articles about dressing and caring for the hair continue to interest you. So do Mrs. Curtis's on sewing for yourselves. Esther Koplin of Los Angeles tells us that no sooner did she read Miss Cades's article than "I promptly cut my hair and everyone says it looks much better. I also just as promptly sat down and made myself an adorable spring blouse." Joyce Pelonsky of Keene, New Hampshire "very much" enjoys "the articles on fixing hair in different ways." Vera Man of Hollis, New York was "overwhelmed with joy" when, as she says, "I read *Make a New Spring Blouse*. I wish you'd have more about clothes that can be made at such a low cost and so easily. I've made only one blouse but I'm planning about three more."

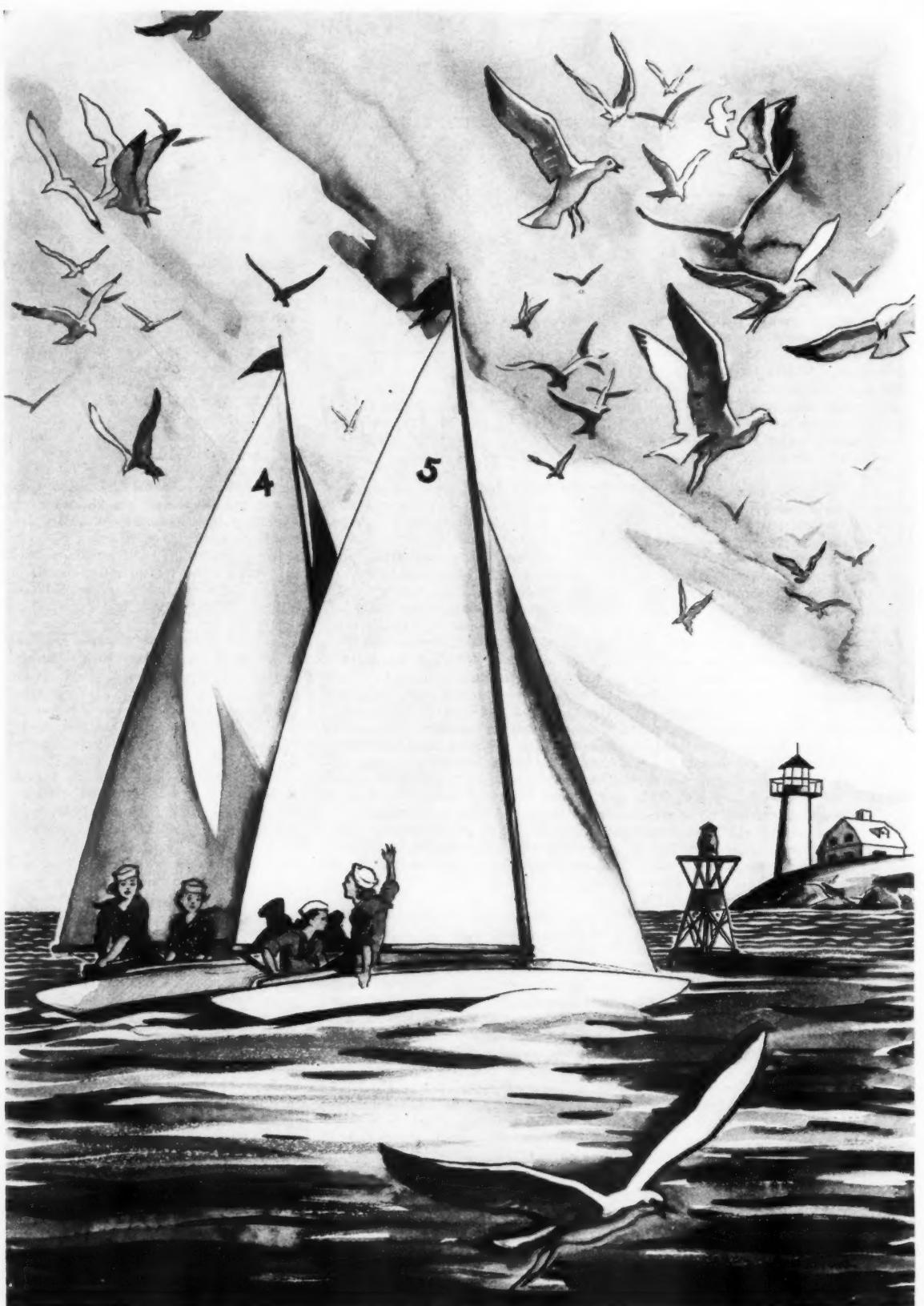
THE LOW cost of blouse making under Mrs. Curtis's directions is stressed by Joyce De Line of Syracuse, New York. Joyce's note tells why she was so happy over the article: "In the May issue one of the very first things I saw was *Make a New Spring Blouse* by Helen Perry Curtis. After reading the article, I bought the cloth

for only thirteen cents a yard. That was all my blouse cost, thirteen cents! I cannot tell what kind of cloth it is but it is very nice and cool for spring and summer weather. I enjoyed making it very much and now my mother and my sister want me to make them each one."

MARY RANDALL of Leonia, New Jersey really wrote us about her enjoyment of the poetry pages. "After reading the April poems, I just had to write you how much I liked them. There are always such lovely poems in THE AMERICAN GIRL that I save them and use them for my English poetry notebook," but Mary says something about the April cover, too: "As a rule I don't care for Edward Poucher's drawings but this was an exception. Maybe I liked the dog better than the girl—but after all, it was all part of the cover."

SCATTER'S army of admirers continues to "want her in every issue"—Barbara Devine of East Providence, Rhode Island for one; but Rosalie Kemp of Burlingame, California divides the honors between Jo Ann and Scatter. She likes them both. Rosalie also finds the *Scribes* pages interesting. "Our troop uses the articles sometimes in Opening Circle." Miriam Hartley of Battle Creek, Iowa is "disappointed if there isn't a Scatter or Jo Ann story every month." Miriam would like "a correspondence list in order to read what girls in other countries have to say"—if she will write to the International Post Box Secretary, Girl Scouts, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, New York she will have her desire fulfilled.

NOW for wishes—we wish we might fulfil them all and we are sorry we cannot—Clarene Worley of Foochow, China wishes we "might have a section especially for Lone Girl Scouts telling them what they can do and how they can be active in their communities." Lois Grow of Enid, Montana and Ethel James of Port Washington, New York would like *Our Puzzle Pack* every month; Dorothy Derr, of Oakmont, Pennsylvania, wishes THE AMERICAN GIRL were a daily. Betty Sanderson of Middletown, New York wishes that our readers wouldn't forget to say nice things about the *Well, of All Things!* page; Eleanor Tolles of West Haven, Connecticut wants more "*I Am a Girl Who—*" stories. So do Lucille Klafter of Jamaica, New York, and Shirley Knoll of San Francisco. On the other hand, Mary Elizabeth Webb of Chicago asks us if we must go on with *The Hoodooed Inn*. "It bores me to tears. I'm so bored with it I didn't even read it this month." Mary Elizabeth wants a more romantic serial, "another like *The Laughing Princess*."



NUMBER FIVE JIBBED—AND THEN SHE JUMPED, AS IF SOMETHING HAD BITTEN HER, STRAIGHT ACROSS THE LINE

*Illustrations by Armstrong Sperry*

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

JULY · 1933

## The Log of the *Altair*

*Beginning a three-part story of the adventures of a group of Girl Scout Mariners on their own yacht—by EDITH BALLINGER PRICE*

B EING camp scribe—or rather, yeoman—it's up to me to try to write down this yarn the best I can. When I let them give me the job I thought it would be just writing up wind and weather and so forth, little dreaming there'd be a whole lot of adventures to put down, too. Showing you never can tell.

To begin with, we aren't an ordinary Girl Scout camp by any manner of means. We're Mariners, and very select; all fifteen or over, Blue Caps and Life Savers. No other need apply.

What Mattahassett can be like in winter, I can't imagine, though people do live there then. But we all know what it's like in summer—bless its fishy old heart—and Scotch and I stuck our heads as far as we could out of the train window as the little old rat-tetrap engine slowed down around the last curve. We could smell the lobsters already! Scotch was with me in the Starboard Watch last summer, and she's a peach. She has sandy hair, and is sometimes terribly stubborn, but you soon get used to that. The first thing we saw, besides the masts in the harbor, was Skipper standing on the platform grinning at the whole train. Skipper looks just right for her job; she has a nice solid brown face, and blue eyes, and very white teeth. She was in her dungarees already, and looked as if she'd just come off a boat. She has a husband who's very mild and never gets in the way, and two adorable children called the Ducklings, because when you drop them into the water they swim.

"Hullo!" she shouted, as we tumbled off. "You're the last to arrive!"

WE WERE hustled into the ship's flivver and set off over the bumpy little streets. The first thing we noticed as we swung down by the wharf was what had happened to Cap'n Battle's sail loft. It used to be the grandest old ship-y place, but now it was all painted fresh green and white, and there were chairs and tables and glass bottles and stuff sitting all over the cobbles in front. And in the biggest old chair, with his feet up on a sea chest, lounged a youngish-oldish sort of man in town clothes, under a neat new sign that said PETER LUCAS, ANTIQUES.

"How perfectly horrible!" I said. "And what's become of Cap'n Battle?"

"He's sitting at home whittling," Skipper said. "Suppose he needed money; not much sailmaking to be done now."

"This Peter Lucas looks like a lazy galoot," Scotch mut-



tered. "I hope he doesn't sell a single hooked rug—or any other antiques."

"Peter's not a bad sort," Skipper said. "Knew him in my youth."

"Sorry!" Scotch said.

Just then we lurched up in front of the house. We don't live in tents, but in a long, low, rakish bungalow that Skipper's father gave us. Although she looks so simple and salt-watery, Skipper happens to have a fearfully rich and generous father, which is awfully convenient. The house is right on the edge of the sea wall, so that you can almost dive in from your bed, and there is a big wide piazza, known as the Afterdeck, all the way around, with awnings that flap like sails. Dinky was just striking four bells, six o'clock, and we knew chow call would blow in a few minutes, so we raced to the dormitory we call the Fo'c'sle, and dashed out of our town clothes. We don't wear Girl Scout uniforms, but blue dungaree jumpers and bloomers and white gob hats. On Sundays we wear white jumpers and skirts. Our ratings and watch stripes are sewed to our sleeves, just like sailors.

AFTER supper we all shouldered and tiptoed around the Mast (the place by the door beside the ship's bell, where notices are posted) to see who'd been assigned what. There are, all told, sixteen of us—not counting Skipper and the two mates, who are grown-ups. There are eight boats—nice little 16-footers—not counting Skipper's knockabout, which is the flagship—and each boat has a crew of two. Scotch and I were in the same crew, in the Port Watch, praises be, but we groaned when we saw that we'd been given boat Number Five for the summer. She was the hoodoo of the fleet, and was called the *Jumping Jack*. Dinky and Carol had had her last summer, and she was the bane of their young lives. Below the crew lists was another notice:

RACE TOMORROW MORNING AT HIGH TIDE, BETWEEN THE TWO WATCHES. IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT DEPENDENT ON WINNERS.

The last sentence was mysterious, but all our white hats went up in the air at the idea of a race so early in the game, and we rushed down to the landing stage to get out to our boats. They were moored in a sort of heel-and-toe and we climbed from one to another till we got to our own. Then there began the nice watery noises of people doing things to boats—hollow bumps and clanks and swishes and gurglings, the noises I'd been dreaming of while I was

nearly flunking algebra a week or two before. While we were all scrubbing and coiling and bailing, Skipper sauntered down and pointed off shore. We all stopped and looked up. A lovely black two-mast schooner-yacht was just coming silently to anchor alongside the channel.

"Oh!" we all said, and Bos'n murmured, "Isn't she a dream!"

"She's just come around the point," Skipper said. "Sweet, isn't she?"

"Who is she?" some of us asked with our usual curiosity. "Where bound?"

"The *Altair*, I believe," Skipper answered. "Where bound, I don't know." And she strolled off again. There was something funny about her—something very, very funny.

"Did you see Skipper?" Scotch asked me. "Sort of bursting?"

"Yes, I did, rather," I said. "I wonder what's up."

"I don't know," Scotch mused, "unless she has friends on the *Altair* and they're going to take us for a sail."

"Bless my binnacle!" I said hopefully.

We dashed through breakfast next morning at a rate that would probably have horrified our parents—who fortunately, however, were not there—because tide waits for no man, as the old poet, or whoever it was, has said. We all hurried down to the boats. The *Altair* was still there; she was pointing the other way, because of the turn of tide. But then we had to be very busy getting off for the line, and couldn't even look at the lovely schooner.

Here is the way the race was lined up:

Port Watch. Boat No. 1, Marge and Dagmar; No. 3, Jane and Possum; No. 5, Scotch and me; No. 7, Libby and Henrietta.

Starboard Watch. Boat No. 2, Dinky and Carol; No. 4, Em and Bos'n; No. 6, Bud and Sticky; No. 8, Mary and Peanut.

These names look very queer after I get them written down, but you know how it is—names just grow out of jokes and stay forever. Sticky, for instance, simply because last year she emptied a whole can of molasses into her boat by mistake. Well, Scotch and I hoisted our red Port Watch swallowtail to the masthead of the *Jumping Jack*, and hauled up the sail. The sails on these little boats go up in about two yanks, and we snugged the wrinkles out of ours and Scotch nosed Number Five out toward the line. The flagship was out at the buoy, and Skipper was standing ready with her whistle for the signal. Three out of the four boats of either watch over the line first were to win the race. Of course, as we might have known, Number Five made one of her famous jumps and went over the line before the signal. Scotch, being the soul of honor, tacked and went

back to start again. This lost us yards, and all the enemy Starboards were standing out merrily in a bunch. In spite of all the pains we'd taken with her, the *Jumping Jack* was sulky. Scotch put on her red-headed MacDugal expression and said sternly, "See here, the Port Watch has got to win this race. Trim that sheet, you lubber."

I trimmed. Number Five was reaching quite nicely, except that she slid sideways more than we liked. "We'll see how she runs free, on the next leg," Scotch said.

She ran free most horribly. We rounded the pole buoy ahead of Peanut and Mary, but all the Starboards were well around already, and away on the stretch. The *Jumping Jack* wee-waved as if she weren't getting enough wind, hung back and wobbled, then leaped forward with a lurch that



WHEN HE CAME OUT HE CAREFULLY CARRIED A SHIP IN A BOTTLE. "OH!" WE SAID, AND DINK ADDED, "WHAT

threw me into the well. "I see perfectly where she gets her name," I said grimly, picking my hat out of the bilge.

"Blast you!" Scotch said bitterly. I knew she didn't mean me.

Number Five beat better than she did anything else. Scotch made short tacks, and we began gathering ground, once around the second marker. We passed Possum and Jane, and then to our great surprise we overhauled Libby and Henrietta. Of the enemy, Mary and Peanut were astern us, and we were actually creeping up on Em and old Bos'n. The line was in sight, getting rapidly nearer. Scotch took a long look 'round.

Two Starboards and two Ports were already shooting across the line. It was all too plainly between us and Bos'n, for the other two boats were so far behind as not to count. Now Old Bos'n was grinning a maddening sort of grin, and Em was glittering behind her glasses and crooning over the sheet. We were practically abreast. I groaned—and then I caught sight of Scotch's face. It was grim and red, and her sandy hair was bristling. Then suddenly she gave an ear-splitting yell—"Up wi' MacDugal!" and let the sheet rattle out. Number Five sat down on her tail. Then she jibbed—and then—she jumped! She jumped just as if something had bitten her, straight across the line!

After all the yelling was over, the boats drifted about

around the flagship, and we got our sail down. "Good old *Jumping Jack*," Scotch said. "Your tricks are worth knowing, at that, aren't they?"

"I don't know whether to call that seamanship, or the uses of adversity," said Skipper, "but there's no doubt as to who came over the line first!" She grinned, and then, as we were drifting away, she cupped her hands and shouted through them, "You might as well know. The result of this race was important, to find out who'd stand first watch aboard the *Altair*!"

"The *Altair*!" we shrieked in sixteen different keys.

"Yes," Skipper called, "my thoughtful parent has chartered her for two weeks for our special use—to see if you can man a big boat as well as you sail these little ones!"



A THING! BUT WE OUGHTN'T TO HAVE IT. IT'S AN ANTIQUE, ISN'T IT, AND IT MUST BE AWFULLY VALUABLE?

Her voice sounded fainter as we drifted. We just sank down in gurgling heaps in our boats, and for some time the only sound was our gasping.

It was really true. That super-father of Skipper had indeed chartered the schooner for us. Our old friend Cap'n Battle was to be sailing master and the rest of the ship's company stood as they were, with Skipper in command. We were to sail just as soon as we could make out lists of stores and get them aboard. Dinky and I went down into the village that afternoon, after we'd all had a hasty but rapturous inspection of the *Altair*. We took one of the Ducklings along—the boy, who is about six and named Kipp. He had a little express wagon which he meant to fill with the soap and stuff we were going to buy, but just now his idea was to ride in the wagon and have us pull him. So presently we were rolling briskly up past the place that used to be Cap'n Battle's sail loft.

"Look!" Kipp sang out in his very clear quarter-deck voice, "there's that Antique Man!" As he emphasized *man* instead of *antique*, it didn't sound a bit complimentary to Mr. Lucas's age.

"Shish!" said Dinky, but Mr. Lucas had heard, and a slow sardine smile was breaking over his rather thin face.

"True enough," he said. "Just the way I feel."

"Kipp didn't mean it," I said. "The accent went wrong."

"I rather like it," Mr. Lucas said. "The Antique Man—like the Ancient Mariner, you know." He suddenly got twinkly around the eyes, and we liked him much better. "You're the seagoing girls from up harbor, aren't you?" he added. We told him we were. "Good," he said. "Good! I have something inside that I've been saving for you. I hope you'll accept it as a trophy for your wardroom. Just a moment until I get it."

Dink and I looked at each other. He had reached down beside his big chair and fished up a smooth hickory stick, and then we saw that he had a stiff leg of some kind. Of course Kipp at once asked, "How did you hurt your leg?" before we could stop him. The Antique Man leaned against the doorpost and said, "An old story. A war relic, in fact."

So then that was it! He went inside, where Cap'n Battle's sail bench used to be, and where we could now see all sorts of furniture and things. When he came out he carefully carried a ship in a bottle. Did you ever see one? Just an ordinary quart bottle, and inside it a perfect little full-rigged ship—of course much too big ever to go in at the neck of the bottle.

"Oh!" we said, and Dink added, "What a thing! But we oughtn't to have it. It's an antique, isn't it, and awfully valuable?"

I said, "Have you any idea how on earth a thing like that is made?"

"I have," Peter Lucas said, "because I made this one. That's why it's not valuable at all. And I thought perhaps it would look jolly in your nautical cottage up yonder."

We were liking him better all the time. We thanked him a lot, and told him about the *Altair*, and the cruise, and where we were bound with the express wagon. This took time, and meanwhile the Duckling had wandered off and was far back somewhere among Peter Lucas's precious things. We dashed in after him; he never means any harm, but he's safer if watched. Mr. Lucas followed more slowly, with his stick and his leg, and we all threaded our way among the furniture and things in time to see Kipp clambering up on to the writing part of a secretary desk. Dinky and I barked at him, and it startled him so that he slipped and caught at the knob of a little drawer to save himself. The drawer flew out its full length with a bang—there was a little click, and from behind it popped out an even smaller drawer.

"Well done!" Peter Lucas cried, while we were picking up the Duckling and persuading him not to howl. "I've been searching for days on end to find the secret drawer in that desk. They almost all have them, you know, and my customers like to know the location. This one's rather unusual. Hallo!" he said suddenly. He was looking into the dark little hole that Kipp's (*Continued on page 46*)

# "I Couldn't Help It"

ONE MORNING a special delivery letter came to me which carried just these words: "Please, Gloria Hollister, call me up and come to see me as soon as you can. I have an idea." Signed, Will Beebe. Needless to say, I lost little time in finding out what the idea was. A society woman, said Dr. Beebe, had grown tired of the superficial and monotonous rounds of luncheons, dinners and bridge parties and wanted to do something entirely different and something which she considered worth while. Because she had admired, for a long time, both popular and scientific accounts of travel and exploration in South America, she went to Dr. Beebe for suggestions. She wished to go to some such country and see the native life and she wanted to share the trip with a young student who could make it interesting from the natural history side and also benefit by the experience.

Dr. Beebe's advice was to go to British Guiana where he had traveled and studied so extensively. He knew my training and keen interest in zoölogy and also my desire to go to South America. So he suggested that I be the young naturalist if Mrs. Mitchell approved of me. During a delightful chat with her over tea and toast this new friend felt my strong interest in natural history and my keen anticipation of her proposed trip. I, in turn, discovered her to be not only charming but full of enthusiasm, and I admired her from the start for undertaking this pragmatic adventure, which we would experience together. That same evening, as soon as I re-



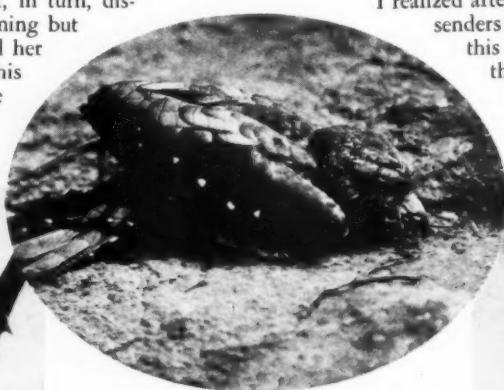
By GLORIA HOLLISTER  
*Explorer, Naturalist, Girl Scout*

icism can never influence determination, when you know what you want to do and are certain that you are right in doing it. The result was that I received, on the day of sailing, showers of flowers and gifts, letters and messages. But

I realized afterward that many of the thoughtful senders expected never to welcome me on this earth again, and I learned later that Dr. Beebe, too, expressed his uneasiness for us not, however, on account of possible dangers in British Guiana jungles, but



THIS WAS THE FIRST AND ONLY GUACHARO OR OIL BIRD EVER TO BE EXHIBITED



AT THE LEFT ARE TWO FLEDGLING EMERALD HUMMING BIRDS FROM TRINIDAD



THE NAKED NECK CHICKEN (RIGHT) WAS BROUGHT BACK BY THE AUTHOR

because we were two strange women suddenly thrown together in new surroundings with no possible escape from each other. As it actually worked out, my companion and I agreed on every subject but that of cards. After many weeks together we returned to New York very good friends and with a desire to try it again. Sometimes I am inclined to think it was because I did not play cards—

**B**UT to return to my story: after a few short weeks of preparation in New York and the excitement of having the date of departure postponed five times because of severe weather, we sailed on a cold twenty-sixth day of February, on the *S. S. Matura*. The captain, who might have been a character from Dickens, was cordial and jovial from the very start of our twenty-five-hundred-mile voyage and regarded us as curiosities because we were interested in such queer subjects. Birds, butterflies and animals were quite outside his scheme of things and he couldn't understand their fascination for us. In a way though, he made allowances because he had had experience with folk like us before. This, of course, gave us unusual freedom on board and nothing we did was considered amiss. The captain told us many stories about the other "queer animal people," as he called them, who sailed with him many times to British Guiana and always brought back a varied collection of birds, animals, and

suddenly became very blue and very clear, and the flying fishes more numerous and more playful. The gold of the Sargassum weed was a superb contrast to the azure blue of the sea. Too quickly we slipped by island after island. In the distance each seemed to have the same jagged silhouette, but as we approached near enough to detect tiny houses and vegetation we discovered a distinct character to each one. By the following evening we had sailed past most of the islands in this eastern chain and long after sundown we saw in the distance the dim lights of our first port, Grenada.



BELOW, AT THE EXTREME LEFT IS A TYPICAL INDIAN HOUSE IN GUYANA

THE VICTORIA REGIA LILY GROWS IN THIS PLACID RIVER IN BRITISH GUYANA



SAM THE GUIDE RESTS BY THE VINE-CLAD RUINS OF A DUTCH FORT



The southern cross was hanging low over the highest mountain peak and toward this we steered our course and somehow entered a tiny hidden bay and dropped anchor in water whose clearness was discernible even on a moonless night.

**I**MMEDIATELY, many moving torchlights glided toward the *Matura* from St. George across the bay, and soon a multitude of brightly painted boats gathered near our lowered ladder. These boats were crowded to capacity with people as dark as the sky, and many odd-shaped boxes and bundles. For a few minutes they just milled about near by, apparently waiting for something. As soon as the port inspector had come aboard to pass our ship's papers there was a competitive rush for the ladder equal to that at any Army and Navy game. The natives scrambled upward with a din of chatter and excited laughter. As they swarmed on the deck and brushed by us we caught for the first time a pungent tropical aroma and we saw that they were carrying huge baskets of fruit and cacao which they would sell the next day in Trinidad. This was the cargo we had seen in their boats. Low bulky barges were poled alongside by lithe black boys, and soon freight was swung on to them from the hold of the ship. Then there was a rattling of anchor chains and a jingling of engine room bells, and the *Matura* nosed out through the narrows of this crater bay and headed south into the night. Our adventure seemed to grow more and more fascinating now that we drew near the goal.

At dawn I heard the crew exclaiming, "Trinidad, Trinidad," and I rushed on deck just as excited to see and to approach this island for the first time as Columbus must have been in 1498. We were still (*Continued on page 42*)

snakes for the zoo in whatever city they hailed from.

For five days there was no land in sight, but we were only vaguely aware of this because a constant succession of unexpected new worlds filled our thoughts with amazement and the keenest desire to know more about them. We longed to dip up the scattered patches of rust-red gulfweed and see the many small inhabitants which depended on it for life and protection. We marveled at the speed of the flying fishes that darted like silver missiles from wave crest to wave crest. Twice we saw whales spouting and frolicking in the distance while a school of large voracious fish pursued a group of smaller ones and myriads of shrieking birds dived from aloft for their share of the plunder. At night, the water was hypnotic with brilliance produced by millions of minute phosphorescent animals glowing from the sudden shock of our passing ship.

Early in the morning of the sixth day the low barren island, Sombrero, which is the most northern of the Lesser Antilles, was sighted and soon the *Matura* passed it on her port side and entered the Caribbean Sea. Here, the water

# "Longest Way 'Round—"

A WOMAN in the boat—that's our trouble!"

"Two too many men is the real difficulty!" Ellen Wakefield exchanged glare for glare with Bilge Wyeth. Tank Beagle, at the tiller, continued to whistle off key, a maddening tune to all but Tank.

"When they named this craft *Anti-Femina* it was to keep girls out."

Ellen's lips curled. "This boat is a *she* and she won't stand for a pair of lazy hulks!"

"Who got her in shape, I'd like to know! Who did every stick of work on her?"

"I did! And if you two know-it-alls would give me the tiller, I'd show you how to sail!"

Tank Beagle, pushing his salt-encrusted yachting cap farther back on his head, stopped whistling. "That's a lot of mahoney," he said. Scanning the Bay for a ripple of wind, he continued his monotonous whistling.

Bilge Wyeth raised himself to full six feet and stretched like a man getting out of bed. "How's for a swim?"

"Why not?" countered Tank at the tiller. Ellen's face was a study. On it was written deep disgust for her companions' utterly unseamanlike conduct. "Is this a race or isn't it?" she indignantly demanded.

Tank Beagle pointed toward four other boats whose sails lay limp in the dead calm. "You tell *me*." His tone was very superior, typically male, thought Ellen.

She was seething. "I'll tell you one thing! I could make this a race!"

Two guffaws were her answer, and Bilge began to peel his shirt from over his bathing suit.

"And I'll tell you something else. Of all the lazy sailors up and down the Bay, you two are prize exhibits. You act as if a racing boat could take care of itself. Before a race you're too busy talking about winning to tune up. During the race you can't be bothered. Afterward—you're too tired!"

Bilge, leaning his long frame overside, flipped a handful of water into Ellen Wakefield's flushed face. "Cool off, Eagle-Eye. You'll give yourself sunstroke."

It was all Ellen could do to contain herself. When the two boys dove into the water, she slid along to the cockpit's stern and took the tiller.

"Come on in, the boat won't go anywhere." Tank

By CHARLES G. MULLER

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett

Beagle, his black eyes shining, waved to Ellen. His very wave was supercilious.

Ellen did not respond. She knew that to say anything would be to start another argument. She was thinking how she would love to handle the craft whose tiller she held. She had a feel for this One-design. She could make her move and move faster than the boys who had command. But what to do about it?

*Anti-Femina* belonged to Herb Cook, now too old to sail for the Willowmere Yacht Club against the young navigators of Penquoit, Indian Bay, and Icy Spring for The Commodore's Trophy. Since early spring Ellen Wakefield had been urging Herb to let her skipper in the final series—with the standings all even after ten years of annual competition. But Herb Cook, as the name of his boat showed, was not strong for girls. At the last minute he turned his racing sloop over to Tank Beagle, in spite of Ellen's pleas.

"Tank's had a lot of experience," Herb said, by way of excuse. "And we ought to have a man in command."

HERB COOK REFUSED, HAVING A DISLIKE—AS HE PUT IT—FOR "CHANGING HORSES IN MIDSTREAM"



## *It really was the "shortest way home" in this instance, and Ellen Wakefield proved it*

Ellen's brown eyes showed what she thought of this. "But I told Tank to take you as one of his crew," concluded Herb by way of salving her obvious disappointment.

Ellen Wakefield had sailed a thirty-two-foot cutter through the Gulf Stream's blue waters, through the thunder and lightning of Atlantic Ocean squalls, and even through the spin-drift of a raging hurricane. The two boys had only done day racing on the Bay. Yet Herb considered them superior to her!

**I**N spite of the stupid things they had done in the first two races of this crucial series, too! Tank had let go the tiller while the boat was rounding the weather mark in the first race—and had lost a place. Third was all he got. While Bilge, failing to stir his lazy bones fast enough, had let the back stay slip in the second race. That, too, had cost one position. Instead of eight points, *Anti-Femina* now had six. Instead of being at least two points out ahead, Willowmere was tied with all the other clubs.

Ellen that morning had pleaded with Herb Cook for the tiller. The owner refused, having a dislike—as he put it—for "changing horses in midstream."

"But we've got to place first in the final race to win the series and trophy!"

"Tank'll do it," replied Herb. There was nothing more Ellen could say.

Now, as the boys swam in the calm waters of the Bay with five rival boats drifting with the tide, Ellen was considering that "changing horses in midstream" remark of Herb Cook's. The more she thought of it, the less sense it made. Apparently it was the same old story—in a world of men, a girl must fight for everything she gets. She must do better at a man's job than a man can do, for recognition.

Ellen was not one to sit around and wait for things to happen. She had spirit. And, after years of racing against men skippers, she had learned to fight their way. Wasn't there something she could do to help opportunity along? For this drifting match was sure to be called off, and the third race re-run later in the day—after lunch.

Ellen's brown eyes, famed for an ability to see things that others missed, unconsciously scanned the Bay for signs of even a hatful of wind, the slightest zephyr. It seemed that she did see the veriest breath of air a short distance off. Without attracting the attention of the swimmers, she pointed *Anti-Femina* toward it. And, her lips curling in a faint smile, she finally felt the little racing craft gather momentum. In a few moments the boat, sails filled, began to move perceptibly.

Ellen reached forward. Her fingers closed on a visored yachting cap. She scaled it out over the water.

A loud shout rose from the Bay. "Hey, that's my hat! What's the idea?"

"I don't need a trick cap to skipper this boat," called Ellen. The yacht was heading away from the two boys, toward the distant shore. "We just—er, 'changed horses in midstream'!"

Bilge Wyeth, his long arms churning an American crawl, sensed what was up, and raced for the receding craft. But the boat kept increasing her lead. Bilge stopped swimming, and Tank Beagle yelled.

"You come back here, Ellen! I'll fire you off the crew if you don't!"

The girl in the boat laughed. She had the upper hand, and she was going to play it for all she was worth. "Put your cap on," she called back sweetly. "It lends authority." Then she added: "But that's all the good it will do, because I'm in command now and for the rest of the race."

"You are not!"

Tank took several quick strokes toward the sloop, but Ellen, alert to every move, let the yacht pick up speed again. Out of the corner of her eye she was watching the vagrant wind. Obviously it would not last forever. Ellen would have to work fast. She did. Picking up Tank's white duck trousers, she tossed them in a graceful arc toward the former skipper who, now wearing his cap, looked completely ludicrous.

Tank roared. "Hey, cut that out!"

Ellen reached into the cockpit again. Tank's shirt flew out and then splashed lightly on the Bay's surface. Tank bellowed this time. But Ellen's face maintained a saccharine smile. She held up a white sneaker, and prepared to hurl that out.

"Any time you're ready to agree that I'm skipper," she shouted, "you can come aboard with your clothes. Until then—catch." The shoe landed on Tank's head, and his exclamation was fervent.

The wind, as Ellen could see, was about to depart. The boys, however, not eager to swim three miles to shore, failed to notice that another few minutes would leave the yacht motionless. Ellen picked up the second shoe and hurled it. "Am I skipper?" she demanded.

Then, both arms filled with every stitch of Bilge Wyeth's clothing, Ellen stood up and made as if to toss the entire collection overboard. Bilge's cry would have wrung a heart less sensitive than Ellen's. But she knew this pair. She knew, too, that she had less than a minute to work in.

"Am I skipper?" she shouted. "And will you two do exactly as I order from now until the end of the third race?" She held the pile of clothing out over the stern and moved as if to drop the bundle into the Bay.

"Yes!" yelled Bilge. "Don't put those in!"

Treading water as he tried to keep the separate pieces of his raiment from sinking, Tank growled. "All right. But you wait until I get a chance to fix you!"

**T**HEN repeat after me—I solemnly swear that for the rest of this day, Ellen Wakefield is captain of this ship and I will obey her commands to the best of my ability.' Say that!"

They did.

And as Ellen tossed the clothes back into the cockpit, the yacht became motionless. "Swim over," she said, with a smile of triumph. "The wind's gone again anyway." Which was adding insult to injury, as the two boys realized. And when they neared the boat, further indignity was heaped on their heads. Ellen handed each a sponge.

"Might as well go to work now, crew. Rub the hull down before you come aboard!"

At two o'clock, five yachts, supposed to be sailing the crucial race for a trophy which their clubs had striven ten years to obtain, drifted at varying distances from the starting line. On the committee boat, yellow-and-blue code flag "G" announced a fifteen-minute postponement. But at last there came a light breeze, and at ten minutes to three the



THE CROWDS SAW A WIDE SMILE BE-NEATH A SALTY PATENT LEATHER VISOR

warning gun went off. Five minutes later the preparatory shot was fired. At three precisely, the boats would start!

On *Anti-Femina*, Ellen was tied up into an emotional knot. Her stomach felt like a vast, empty cavern. Her heart pounded, threatened to leave its moorings. But outwardly she was calm. Her voice, when she spoke to her crew, was low and well under control. The orange-hulled yacht's new skipper, as she sat with tiller over her left shoulder and eyes glancing down at the stop watch that hung from her tanned neck on a white cord, looked every inch a captain. Rival yachtsmen, jockeying for the line, saw in this girl a competitor they would have trouble beating.

**T**ANK BEEGLE was on the main sheet. Trimming main-sail and tending starboard backstay were his duties. In his white yachting cap, which looked much the worse for its morning bath, Tank was more active than ever he had been as commander. Bilge Wyeth was on the jib sheet and the port backstay. If his long body could be spurred into action, he was a good man for his job. Ellen, with the shiny, varnished tiller in her hand, prayed that she could keep this pair under control just long enough to get around the seven-mile course. If she could — *Anti-Femina* had a chance to win the race and take The Commodore's Trophy back home to Willowmere.

Five craft slid toward the line, the starting gun boomed, and *Anti-Femina* was over on the split second! Free and unhindered, she had a lead of three yards! Tank Beagle's eyes widened. "We're out ahead!" he exclaimed. From him, this was a high compliment.

The fleet raced down toward the first mark, moving slower and slower until, nearing the black can buoy, the five yachts lost momentum. As had happened that morning, all wind suddenly departed. Sails hung limp from tall masts. And with tide only to carry the boats, crews became restless. As usual, Tank Beagle and Bilge Wyeth were most restless of all. Bilge started to stretch his long arms.

"Sit down!" Ellen's voice was sharp.

Bilge's eyes flashed. "Why?"  
"Because we're apt to get a puff any time. We're going to be ready to take advantage of it."

Tank pulled his cap down over his face, leaned back against the side, and prepared to take a nap. Ellen pointed at him.

"Why don't you go to sleep, too?" she said to Bilge.  
"You must be tired."

"I am." The jib sheet tender draped his lean frame along the cockpit.

Ellen smiled to herself. She had worked the two boys so hard that now they were drowsy and would be quiet. With the boat nicely balanced, as it was, Ellen might do something she often had dreamed—make her own yacht move while all others lay becalmed. How she longed for the chance!

It was five to six miles to the finish line, and the race would be official if a single boat covered that distance by seven o'clock. If the drifting match kept up until after that time, the race would be re-run next morning. Ellen was determined to get around the course before seven o'clock when her captaincy would end.

She knew that slants of wind often played over the Bay in curious ways, touching here and there. Many times these queer air currents traveled over the water's surface so that, once in their area, one boat would be carried along while another, only a few yards distant, was left behind. Ellen had seen it happen many times. Now her keen eyes searched for evidences of such peculiar wind in this widespread calm.

Occasionally the lightest of zephyrs seemed to waft over the water, leaving the surface of the Bay unruffled. Alert for these, the girl nursed her craft along, sometimes with sails almost filled. While captains and crews in the nearby yachts carelessly shouted back and forth to rivals, paying no attention to *Anti-Femina*, Ellen Wakefield was observant and tense. And when the fleet drifted down on the first turning buoy, two men waked to find their boat fifty yards in the lead.

Tank Beagle's black eyes shone brightly for a moment. Then he saw that they were well past the turning buoy. His voice was sharp. "Go about on the second leg," he ordered.

**E**LLEN made no move. "Pipe down and go back to sleep!" she retorted.

Bilge Wyeth, roused by the talk, joined with Tank. "Come about! Come about!"

Ellen shook her head. "I'm going to run in and swing around under the shore."

"But that's miles out of our way!" Tank protested.  
"You're crazy!"

Ellen was not crazy. Her brain was moving with unusual clarity. "There's wind under the shore," she said.

"We'll get it and circle the fleet while they lie becalmed. 'The longest way 'round' may be 'the shortest way home' this afternoon."

*Anti-Femina's* deposed skipper made for the tiller. "Give me that stick."

Ellen's voice rose. "I will not! I'm captain here. You get back where you belong!"

Tank's hand moved to take the helm. But Bilge Wyeth's long arm also reached out, and a strong hand caught Tank's wrist. "She's in command, Tank. Anyway, no boat will finish. There just isn't any wind—under the shore or anywhere else."

Tank pulled his cap farther down over his eyes, and growled. "All right. Have it your way." Resuming his sleeping place in the bottom of the boat, he made as if to doze again.

Ellen had been ready for a hand-to-hand struggle with Tank, and now that the emergency was past she was hot all over. She felt, too, a rising resentment against Bilge's assumption of superior knowledge of winds. "Nobody'll finish. There isn't any wind." Was that so? Ellen's lips tightened.

Nosing toward the shore that made a wide curve toward the triangular course's second mark, Ellen threw an occasional glance back at the fleet. *Hooligan* of Penquoit Club and *Cree* of Indian Bay had drifted around the first mark and were trying to head direct for the second buoy. *Apple Green* and *Crescent* followed close behind. And still Ellen

worked her way, yard by yard, toward the land. For many minutes there was no motion aboard *Anti-Femina*. Her orange hull continued, however, to make a barely perceptible progress through the water. It moved. That was all.

Finally Ellen's voice pierced the ears of two drowsing

## SUMMER

**W**IND, and sky, and sea,  
And a line of dunes,  
Ever the same  
Yet always changing—  
Changing—  
With sun, and clouds,  
And fog.

Stars in a deep sky,  
Lights on the distant shore,  
Gentle plashing water,  
And two great beacons  
As a frame,  
Flashing—flashing,  
One to the northeast,  
One to the northwest.

MARIAN PRESTON WIGGIN  
Brookline, Massachusetts

youths. "Stand by to trim sheets!" Then, as her crew languidly opened sleepy eyes, she snapped: "Quick!" Both boys sat up with a start, automatically reaching for the jib and main sheets. As Ellen turned the boat parallel to the shore, they trimmed sail.

The orange yacht, gathering speed, began to move rapidly. Ellen Wakefield's eyes were glowing. She did not need to speak. *Anti-Femina*, sweeping in a wide arc, now held a steady breeze. Every other boat in the fleet drifted aimlessly in the vicinity of the first buoy.

Ellen had a plan. Her watchful eyes were not even directed at the second turning buoy. She would continue around the shoreline as far as it extended. Then, working her way across the Bay's narrow neck just as she had guided the sloop into this present favoring land breeze, she would close in on the opposite shore—and circle home. But her course would be almost twice as long! Could she finish by seven o'clock?

Tank Beagle saw what was up. "We'll never make it in time," he protested.

Ellen's heart sank. Had her hopes been set too high? Was she not to win The Commodore's Trophy after all? Not to outsail the fleet in the final race of the series? Here was her one chance. Was luck against her?

Her eyes, which had been dull, of a sudden brightened. Her hand tightened on the tiller. "Look!" she cried.

Two hundred yards beyond the second buoy was a riffle of air. It seemed to stretch, a narrow band, all the way from the buoy to the finish line.

"If we could get into that," she pointed out excitedly, "it would carry us right on past the finish mark for sure!"

Bilge Wyeth shook his head. "You're out of luck," he said. "You couldn't push through the dead area between this shore breeze and that slant of wind."

Ellen's eyes were taking in every aspect of wind and water. She was balancing chances. To go under the shore meant just the barest possibility of getting home before the race's time limit expired. But once in that beckoning belt of wind, *Anti-Femina*, still swinging far wide of the course, could cross the finish before seven. The girl's heart was pounding.

What chance was there of working up enough momentum in this short breeze to enable her to coast into that narrow band of wind beyond? If she did not get across the intervening calm area, she would be worse off than the other boats that had stayed closer to the course. At best, the race would be called off at seven—and Ellen's command would end ingloriously and all too soon.



PICKING UP TANK'S TROUSERS, SHE TOSSSED THEM IN A GRACEFUL ARC TOWARD THE FORMER SKIPPER

Something of the girl's determination to win transmitted itself to the two members of her crew. Already they had seen her make their boat move while other skippers stood stock still. But could she do the impossible? Would she attempt to—

Ellen's voice, for all it was under control, was packed with excitement. "Ready about!" she called. She was going to try for that alluring slant of wind!

Tank and Bilge were on their toes, as wrought up as the girl. For the first time that day they were willing to take orders from a feminine skipper. Already she had done wonders. She might even do this. Straight for the riffle of air that would mean victory if they could reach it, the boat pointed!

Through the water the orange hull glided with a murmuring sound that to the captain's ears meant mounting speed. The shore breeze extended only a short distance off the land, and the yacht was nearing (*Continued on page 39*)



## "I Am a Girl Who—

*always needed someone for a prop, until I fortunately discovered that life was much more fun when one stood firmly on one's own two feet"*

MY FIRST mistake was in being born a hanger-on, an also-ran. For my sister, less than a year-and-a-half older than I, had a head start in everything and knew how to make use of it. No doubt she taught me how to walk, talk and *not* to suck my thumb. I know she taught me to read. Mother had taught her, just because she couldn't spend *all* the time telling sister stories, so when I began pawing over sister's picture storybooks, clamoring to know what was in them, she promptly taught me how to read them.

That was before we started to school. Mother didn't like the schools round about where we were living—it was a factory town—and she knew we were going to move before long to a place with better schools, so she kept school for us at home. There were just the two of us and mother's idea was for us to be inseparable companions, able to get along happily with each other, not needing other playmates, since there were no others around she wished us to associate with. So it was sister who invented and organised our games, set the pace in running, jumping, throwing a ball, rolling a hoop. I followed her lead, and cried if I couldn't keep up with her. She cut out the doll clothes. I sewed them up. She thought of making scrapbooks and got together the old books. I cut out the leaves as she directed, made the paste and pasted according to her arrangement.

WHEN we started to school we were graded as equals and placed together, as mother intended. So we made our friends in common. I was backward and afraid of not being liked, but I comforted myself, "I have sister. What do I care if nobody else notices me!" But sister easily took up with others and soon had a following, myself among them. She was a born leader.

So it went. My worst punishment was to be separated from sister. After a while I don't know whether it dawned

Illustration by Decie Merwin

on mother that I was becoming nothing but a shadow and echo of sister, or whether grandmother really needed one of us. However it was, she sent a letter saying she was in want of "young company" and that the schools were as good or better where she lived. So the upshot was that sister was packed off to her for a long visit. She went as blithely as she'd have stayed and seen me go. I'd have felt uprooted if I'd had to go.

As it was I had a queer feeling of emptiness, like a boat without anyone to steer it. Our friends seemed to drift away from me. They never seemed to know or care whether I was along or not, and they never waited for me or came after me.

THAT is because you have never made your own place with them. You have left it to your sister to do so for both of you." So said one of my teachers one day, the one who was secretly my favorite. She overtook me walking home from school by myself and remarked, pleasantly and casually, upon my being alone, at which I murmured something such as I've written above.

"If they don't want me any more than that, and just for sister's sake, then I don't want them," I said.

"Oh, yes, you do, and so do they," she said briskly, but sympathetically too. "We all want one another. Just go about among them as if you enjoyed them and knew they enjoyed you."

That sounded at the same time too easy and too hard, and anyway, I felt dull and helpless about it all. I said to myself that I'd rather have Miss Preston as my only friend than all the girls and boys of my own age, put together. So I boldly took to waiting after school to walk along with her, not seeming to, of course, but as if it just happened so. It was easy to talk to her. One day she (*Continued on page 44*)

# How Far Can You Swim?

*Ethel McGary, former Olympic star, talks on distance swimming to H. RUSSELL STANTON*

**H**OW FAR can you swim? Or what is more important, how far will you be able to swim by the end of a given period of time? If you have been satisfied to paddle around a bit, never quite willing to swim out where you couldn't reach down with an exploring foot now and then to touch bottom, why not get ready at once to prepare for a lifetime of swimming adventure? This summer is the time to begin.

Ethel McGary, former Olympic star, is busy in New York now helping high school and college girls to swim better and farther. Miss McGary, who specialized in distance swimming when she was in active competition, says there is no good reason why any normal, healthy girl should not gain the advantages that come with long-distance swimming if she really wants to.

What are these advantages? First of all, swimming helps you solve your weight problems. If you are upholstered just a little more than is becoming or fashionable, you can, by swimming, bring those curves under control. Are overstuffed girls still more or less self-conscious of their avoirdupois, a little more eager to "do something about it"? I believe so. Anyway, it's a safe wager you can make yourself more attractive by molding flabby fat into solid flesh. On the other hand, a girl who is under-weight can help Nature fill out the scanty places by swimming regularly—just as truly as stout girls can reduce by taking to the water. Sounds odd? Possibly, but the fact is, swimming is what physical instructors call a "normalizer": it makes fat people thinner, thin people fatter, and all people healthier.

**B**EFORE going into Miss McGary's plan for developing more and better distance swimmers, it might be well to pause for a moment and introduce her. She gained country-wide prominence in 1925, while she was captain of the New York University swimming team. In that year she was all-around National champion. She has twice competed in the Olympic games—at Paris in

1924, and at Amsterdam in 1928. Between 1920 and 1929, Miss McGary was a member of the Women's Swimming Association competitive team, and held world's records at distances between 300 yards and one mile. Her most recent accomplishment, in 1931, was winning third place in the ten-mile Toronto Marathon Swim.

So you see distance swimming is more than just a hobby with Miss McGary. She knows what she's talking about if ever anyone did, and she likes to talk about swimming. She will, at any moment she can spare from her job as Assistant Director of the Life-Saving Service, New York Chapter, American Red Cross. Her work has as its purpose the education of as large a group as possible in life-saving technics and safety practices, in line with the slogan "every boy and girl a swimmer and every swimmer a life-saver."

But before explaining how you can get busy right now on a program that will put you among the best distance swimmers of the crowd you go about with, it might be well to clear up this business of how and why swimming is a normalizer.

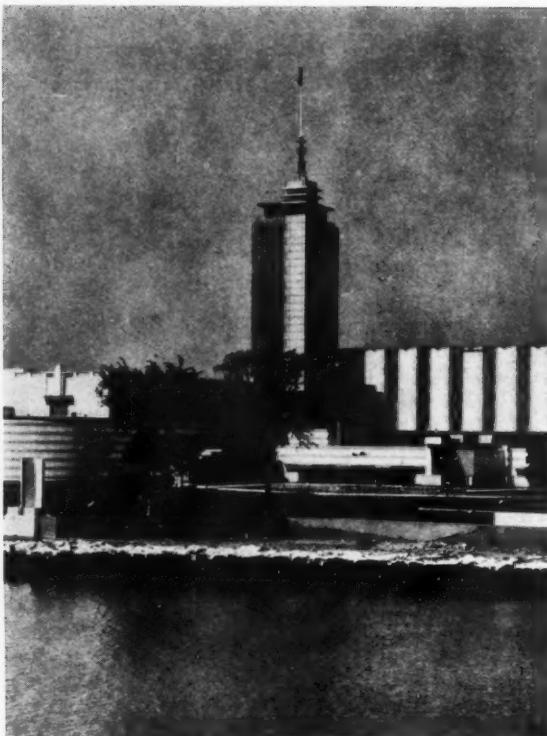
Curves are normalized by swimming, partly because of the exercise entailed, and partly because of the massaging effect of water. When you swim, you use practically all your muscles, and the development of solid tissue makes the superfluous fat ooze away. And unless you're so chubby that you can float on the surface of the water without bothering much about swimming, you get a perfectly good (*Continued on page 34*)



TRY FOR DISTANCE, SAYS MISS MCGARY



SWIMMING BRINGS INTO USE PRACTICALLY EVERY MUSCLE IN THE BODY—WHEN PROPERLY DONE



THE STATELY HALL OF SCIENCE FACES A BEAUTIFUL LAGOON

UNION Station, Chicago! Far as we go! Don't leave any packages in the train!"

At the conductor's voice, Elizabeth leaped to her feet. Although she had been waiting hours for just that word, she suddenly felt a bit frightened. Traveling alone was thrilling—until you reached your destination, and that destination was the third largest city in the world, and there was no one to look after you. Everyone should have the experience—once. But it might be pleasanter the second time.

She seized her overnight case, a birthday present for this journey, and tugged helplessly at the big suitcase. But no, she couldn't budge it.

Just then the porter came down the aisle, picked it up like a feather and carried it forward to the vestibule where he dumped it among dozens just like it. Elizabeth watched it anxiously. Would she ever see it again? She remembered the story of a girl who went to a Yale prom, then opened her bag in New Haven to find instead of her party dresses a shabby coat, a few books and a cotton flannel nightdress. Almost paralyzed at thought of such a calamity, she seized the rest of her belongings and trudged after the porter.

"Excuse me, er—er—" How did one address a porter? "Excuse me, but I'd hate to lose that bag."

"You'll get it all right, Miss."

"Please don't put it on the very bottom." Some wise instinct prompted her to cross his palm with a shiny dime, though she had seen father tip him when he put her on the train at Baltimore. "There, that's better. Where I can keep an eye on it."

"Anyone meeting you in Chicago, Miss?"

It's wonderful how affable porters become at the touch of silver.

"My uncle's supposed to meet me, and a couple of boy cousins. But I haven't seen any of them since I was five; that's ten years ago. We may not recognize each other."

It was pleasant to have someone to talk with, if only a smiling black man. From Maryland to Chicago is a long time

# Elizabeth

for a sociable young woman to keep silent—and hadn't she been warned to talk to no one, no matter who? Of course she had talked with the woman with the baby across the aisle. But a baby was a kind of chaperon. No adventuress would travel with a baby.

AS CONVERSATIONALISTS, however, they were rather unsatisfactory, for the baby couldn't talk and the mother wouldn't. All Elizabeth could get out of her was that she was going to Denver, which meant a wait of all day in Chicago. And she must be poor, for she never once went to the dining car, just ate sandwiches from a paper bag and got off at stations for milk for the baby. At Harrisburg, where the train waited ever so long, Elizabeth had minded the baby while the mother went to replenish supplies.

He was a darling, so pleasant and smiling in spite of the long hot journey, and in her charge continued to coo and kick in a most flattering fashion. She found herself feeling sorry for a baby, raised in this haphazard manner, yanked across the continent, fed without orange juice or spinach.

"I understand children," she explained to the mother, "since I'm the eldest in our family."

After that, whenever the child fretted, she moved across the aisle to amuse him. But on the whole, the journey had been lonely and long.

"Do you always have such a crowd going to Chicago?" she asked the porter.

"It's because of the Fair, Miss."

"Sure enough—the World's Fair. Is it good?"

"I ain't seen it, but they say it's grand."

"Oh, I do hope my uncle will take me. You see, I'm not staying in Chicago. My uncle lives on a farm one hundred and eight miles from Chicago near a town called Tiskilwa, Illinois. Ever hear of it?"

"I'm afraid I ain't, Miss. I'm afraid I don't know much about farms."

"It's where my mother was born and grew up. Once only Indians lived there. Two of them, one called Tis and another Wa had a fight and Tis killed Wa. That's how the town got its queer name. I wonder if farms in Illinois are like farms on the Eastern Shore?"

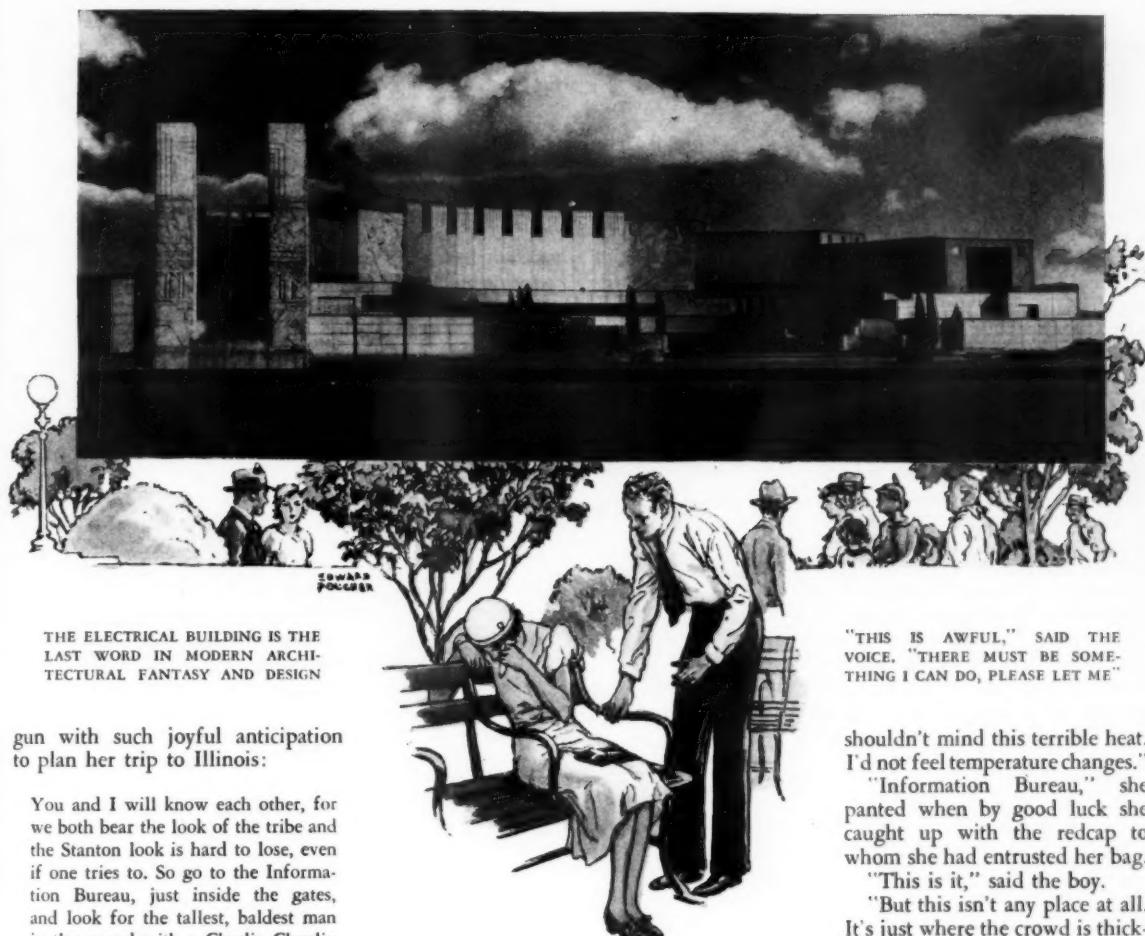
Then Elizabeth discovered the porter had ceased to listen. He had gone busily about his work in the midst of her story of Tis and Wa. Now he was stepping in and out of his pile of bags, making passes at brushing off shoulders, pocketing tips, bringing more bags forward. So, huddling back as best she could from the crowd pushing toward the door, she drew forth the letter from Uncle Fred and read it, for at least the twenty-fifth time since she had received it back home in Maryland and had be-



ELIZABETH ALMOST DROPPED THE BABY IN SURPRISE AT WHAT SHE SAW

# Goes to the Fair

By MARGARET NORRIS



THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING IS THE LAST WORD IN MODERN ARCHITECTURAL FANTASY AND DESIGN

gun with such joyful anticipation to plan her trip to Illinois:

You and I will know each other, for we both bear the look of the tribe and the Stanton look is hard to lose, even if one tries to. So go to the Information Bureau, just inside the gates, and look for the tallest, baldest man in the crowd with a Charlie Chaplin moustache and clothes suggesting the new-mown hay.

And I shall look for a lovely young girl with black eyes and curly black hair, in a bright red coat—don't you dare take it off, even if it's sweltering—who looks as nice and as naughty as her mother did years ago when she and I played hooky together.

To make assurance triply sure, I shall bring with me the twins, who are sixteen, as alike as two peas and always polite to strangers. They will be helpful because they have such bright eyes for a good-looking girl. Neither was ever known to miss one.

"What a perfectly silly description," thought Elizabeth, "though they do sound rather jolly. And here's hoping we meet—for here we are."

As the big train slid to a stop and the door opened to disgorge its load of bags and of people, Elizabeth was the first passenger to descend.

Never before had she realized there were so many people in the world. The jam under the train shed was bad enough, but as they passed through the gates it became a swirling ocean of human beings, restless, shifting, changing, like several thousand pieces of a jig-saw puzzle each struggling to move toward its proper groove, only to be knocked out of place by its fellow, trying to fit into the same groove. She was buffeted here and there like an inanimate piece of cardboard—"though if I were inanimate," she thought, "I

Illustrations by Edward Poucher

"THIS IS AWFUL," SAID THE VOICE. "THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO, PLEASE LET ME"

shouldn't mind this terrible heat. I'd not feel temperature changes."

"Information Bureau," she panted when by good luck she caught up with the redcap to whom she had entrusted her bag.

"This is it," said the boy.

"But this isn't any place at all. It's just where the crowd is thicker than any place else in the room."

"Yes'm," he repeated.

"I'm supposed to meet my uncle here. Apparently lots of others have the same idea. I never have seen such a mob."

"Yes'm."

"See if you can help me pick out the tallest, baldest man in the crowd, with hay-seedy clothes—though I'm sure he's nice looking—and a Charlie Chaplin moustache. Do you see anyone who looks like that?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then you must be blind for I see simply hundreds. But that doesn't help me much, does it?"

"No, ma'am," came the automatic answer.

With her bags safely checked and the redcap happy with his tip, she attempted another center rush for the so-called Information Bureau. "He's got to be there some place," she argued. "But how can I recognize the 'look of the tribe' if I'm not sure what that look is?" The better to ascertain, she pulled out her pocket mirror to study her perspiring self.

"If it means a travel-stained face, a hat knocked awry and a nose as red as my coat, then I have it. Not even a blood relation would claim me looking like this. Uncle Fred or no Uncle Fred, I shan't wear this coat. I might better be lost than smother to death. Am I the only girl here wearing red?"

A glance at the kaleidoscopic crowd showed that red was the predominating color. It was visible in dresses, hats, coats,

flushed cheeks and particularly prominent in noses. Even to carry the coat seemed silly. So she boldly checked that, also.

Now adroitly she wriggled her way through the crowd milling round Information until she reached a harried official calling out data about trains.

"I'm looking for Mr. Fred Stanton from Tiskilwa, Illinois," she explained.

"Tiskilwa? It's on the Rock Island. First train at six-ten this evening."

"But I don't want to go there. I want to find him."

"Sorry, Miss. Perhaps the Travelers' Aid can help you." He waved indefinitely to the right. "Next?"

"Oh, dear!" groaned Elizabeth. "How dumb everyone is! The Travelers' Aid, indeed! Next I'll be directed to the Lost and Found. Perhaps that's where I belong."

Dejectedly she wriggled her way back to freedom—if freedom could be found in that mob. At one point the guards were holding back the crowds; at another shoving them forward; while above the din and confusion rose the intermittent cry, "This way for buses to the World's Fair!"

The Fair! What a glorious way to kill time! If Uncle Fred and the twins remained obscure, she could spend the afternoon there and catch the six-ten to Tiskilwa. It sounded risky, but nothing could be riskier or more unpleasant than this station. The more she thought of it, the more entrancing it seemed—and no one at hand to say "No!" But how much pleasanter if she hadn't to go alone! If she could find one of the twins, for instance. Either one would do, though the only way to identify them was to see both together. Alike as two peas. How silly! Everyone looked alike in this crowd.

Just then in the sea of strangers she spied a familiar face—the woman of the train with the baby. She was struggling wearily along, carrying the child, and both looked so uncomfortable that Elizabeth's chivalry, or perhaps her maternal instinct, flew to the rescue.

"Hello!" she cried as though she'd known her for years. "Better let me take the baby." Without a word of remonstrance, the woman transferred the child. "Is this the station where you wait for your train for Denver?"

"Yes," said the woman dully. "I'm looking for a place to sit down."

"There isn't any," said Elizabeth, "not even a place to think. And I'm lost, too. At least, uncle and the twins didn't find me. This is a terrible place to wait, especially when there's a World's Fair in town."

A sudden idea flashed to her. "If you would chaperon me to the Fair it would be quite proper, wouldn't it? Will you? Please. Oh, I'll pay expenses," as mute resistance rose in the woman's eyes. "Father gave me some pocket money. Wait and I'll see what it costs."

Keeping the baby as assurance that the mother would follow, Elizabeth elbowed her way in the direction indicated by the cry, "Buses for the Fair!" Before a man who stuttered could say "J-Jack R-Robinson" they were all three seated within, rolling down Jackson Avenue toward the lake.

"Think of taking myself to the Fair!" cried Elizabeth, shivering with pleasant excitement. "Of course I'm not really alone," she added politely. "There are you and the baby."

Under the influence of the girl's excitement and the holiday spirit, the woman grew more cheerful and actually talked a little. She explained that her mother lived in Denver and

she was going there until her husband in the East found a job and could make a home for them. She hated Denver and was very unhappy.

"Don't worry," said Elizabeth comfortingly. "Things are getting better fast. Lots of people say this Fair will do lots for prosperity. It's really patriotic to go. I shall tell father that if he scolds."

At the entrance to the Fair they had to leave the bus, pay fifty cents to enter and take a sight-seeing car through the grounds.

"Don't worry about money," said Elizabeth chivalrously. "I have a ten-dollar bill, though I mustn't spend more than half for I may have to buy a ticket to Tiskilwa. Before we do anything we'll inquire carefully what it costs. Here, let me take the baby. He behaves better with me and if he cries they may not let us in."

Inside the gates, however, the girl almost dropped her young charge in sheer amazement at what she saw. Against the shores of Lake Michigan, sparkling sapphire in the sun, rose strange looking buildings streaked boldly with color—green, orange, bright blue, flaming scarlet, an entire range of yellows—as though an artist had tried out on his palette every one of his choicest color tubes.

"Yet he must have been a master," she said out loud. "A riot of colors that don't clash at all! Why, it's really fantastically beautiful!"

From their bus a man with a megaphone was calling:

"Ladies and gentlemen! A Century of Progress exposition celebrates the one hundred years since Chicago was incorporated as a village of 350 souls. That century marks the greatest human advancement since civilization began. In 1833 there were no steam trains nor steamships; no electric lights nor automobiles; no cameras, motion pictures nor radios——"

"What a terrible time to live," said Elizabeth. "I'm glad I wasn't born until 1918. Don't you think so——?" She turned to her companion.

"It would have been awful with no movies," said the woman.

"And now," continued the megaphone man, "we come to the most spectacular amusement of the Fair. On your left, ladies and gentlemen, is the Sky Ride, a glorified combination of the Ferris Wheel and the Eiffel Tower. See those two gigantic towers? They are six hundred and thirty-five feet high, the highest structures in Chicago. One stands on the mainland; the other, two thousand feet to the east on North Pier Island across the lagoon. See those cables stretched between them, two hundred feet up in the air? You perceive that across them swing rocket-shaped cars carrying passengers. You may travel through space like a bird, all for fifty cents. Or you may take the elevator to the observation platform on top for a bird's-eye view of Chicago and a glimpse into three states—Illinois, Indiana and Michigan—comparable to the view from the top of the Empire State Building in New York."

"I've got to do it," cried Elizabeth excitedly. "I've simply got to! We'll all go—only maybe we should take turns keeping the baby. It might not be safe for him."

Capably she guided her companion off the bus and pushed with the crowd toward the shining tower, where a queue was growing longer each second, guards calling "Step lively, please!" and more men shouting "This way for the breathtaking Sky Ride! Step up, folks, right this way—Now!"

"I'll keep the baby if you want to (Continued on page 38)



"ON YOUR LEFT YOU SEE THE GREAT SKY RIDE!"

# Your Friendly Enemy—Sun

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

*Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion*

Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell

THE sun, as perhaps you have been told before, is one of your best friends. But like so many good friends it will not endure liberties. Treat it with respect and you will manage beautifully. But get a little too familiar—and bing!—mischievous immediately.

The trouble with most people, you see, is that they suffer from a belief in the fallacy that if a little is good a lot is a hundred times better. This idea is especially inapplicable to the skin. Light and air are good for it and a certain amount of direct sunlight is usually beneficial, too. But it's the rare skin that can stand being exposed suddenly to unregulated sunning. Some skins, of course, are much less susceptible than others. They adapt themselves rather quickly and tan painlessly. My words are not for these fortunate few but rather for those who need a little advice on getting along amicably with this big neighbor of ours who encourages acquaintance but who frowns on familiarity.

If your skin burns easily and repeatedly you should take the greatest precautions, not only because sunburn is a painful condition, but also because you are doing no good to the texture and quality of your skin by these repeated indignities. Thick, oily skins will probably suffer less but thin, delicate skins may be permanently coarsened by such excessive sunburning. Ask a dermatologist's opinion and he will cite the rough, red skins of farmers and seafaring men who are continually exposed to the sun. This sort of thing may be necessary for men in certain lines of work but certainly it ought not to be advocated as a feminine ideal!

The only safe method for sun exposure is to time it carefully, giving yourself five minutes the first day and increasing to ten or fifteen the first week. The second week you can probably stand half an hour and the third week an hour. After that your skin should be acclimated.

You can, if you like, rub yourself with oil



CAREFUL SUN-TIMING AND THE USE OF AN OIL OR CREAM WILL PREVENT UGLY AND PAINFUL SUNBURN

before you expose your skin to the sun. This will give you a slight protection and will encourage tanning rather than burning. It is no permanent safeguard, however. That is, if you start using the oil you will have to keep it up as long as you go on exposing your skin to the sun.

There are preparations which you can use that are supposed to "screen out the ultra-violet rays of the sun". People whose skins burn easily seem to find them helpful. But, of course, if the skin is very sensitive the only sensible thing to do is not to go in for wholesale sun exposure. It is much safer and more becoming to wear more clothes and wider hats and not court disaster in the form of red and peeling skin and acute discomfort.

THIS, I think, is especially true of girls who have a tendency to freckle. There is really nothing that can be done about preventing freckling except to avoid the direct sunlight as much as possible. As for removing freckles after you once get them—well, as far as I know it is a pretty hopeless business.

Girls who want to keep their delicate pink and white complexions in the summer, in spite of an active tennis and swimming life, are sometimes successful when they use a lot of cold cream on their faces, topped by a dark powder. If you wear low-backed, no-sleeved tennis dresses, however, it's quite a problem to cover all the exposed areas—and dividing lines are ugly. I think probably the easiest and most generally satisfactory method is, as I said in the beginning, to be moderate in your sun exposure, using a little oil on your skin, if you like, but depending principally upon careful sun-timing.

If by ill chance you do get sunburned the thing to do is to apply an oily substance immediately. A cold cream will do or one of those creamy lotions that are so useful. For bad cases of sunburn I find very satisfactory a preparation that comes in a tube and is used in many homes as a remedy for burns. After all, you know sunburn is a burn, and should be treated as such. Never wash your skin when it is irritated even slightly from the sun. If you need to clean it use an oily cleansing cream or apply cold cream and wait to wash until after the irritation has subsided.

I really think that I should remind you here that the wind is sometimes almost as irritating to the skin as the sun is and that in combination (Continued on page 31)



A WIDE HAT PROTECTS A SENSITIVE SKIN

Illustrations by  
Robb Beebe

# The Hoodooed Inn

By LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK



PAN sat for some moments deep in thought.  
"Ary's rhyme to Frony mentioned a cedar." Then,  
looking near it, "I wonder!"

Ran, having adjusted the radio, was standing near the stoop absent-mindedly viewing the activities of a pair of wrens that had a nest in a lilac, when Pan approached from the archery green.

"Look at this!" She held out a crumpled square of blue linen. "Aren't those initials 'J. C.'?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"It means Julia Cockburn has been snooping 'round here! You know that place under the ledge where the rocks have split and made a cavern? It was in there. She must have been there last night—"

"There were two persons talking near the ledge when I was on the hill, before you came," interrupted Ran. "Who is this Julia Cockburn?"

"She's the girl I just stayed with in Kingston. She's supposed to belong to one of their best families—"

"What was she doing here after the archery green had been closed?" Ran interrupted her. "I'll bet anyhow she won't try it again. She was scared, she and the other one. They squawked like everything!"

"What is there about this place that scares everybody? It's too mysterious!"

"Look, here's Gerry!" Ran brightened as the sign painter got out of his car, and included them both in a rather anxious look. It grew even more grave as he approached.

"I just heard in the village there had been some sort of row here and the State Troopers had to protect you and drive the Peterses out."

"You've got it all wrong. The troopers were called in to protect Bill Peters from me!" As Ran began his explanation, Pan excused herself and went into the house. A little while later Ran knocked at her door. "Do you mind if Gerry stays to dinner?"

"I don't know if there's enough to eat."

"Lorena says there is. I asked her."

"All right, then."

Lorena's supper was simple but good, but to the Forrests all the world was wrong and food tasteless. Ran jumped up nervously and turned on the radio.

"I want to see if it's working better."

Lowell Thomas's cheerful voice accompanied by the dull grindings and crashes of static boomed into the room.

"The situation in Manchuria (gr-r-r) is decidedly complicated (gr-r-gr-r-zur). The Manchurian customs issue is closely tied up with the question of recognition of the new state, Manchukuo (br-um)."

"That static makes me nervous. Do turn it off," requested Pan.

RAN'S hand hovered over the switch. Lowell Thomas and the static, were like two performers in a duet:

"And now for a cheerful (gr-r-r) item from South America. Richard Forrest and Charles Parks (gr-r-r-r-zur), the explorers who disappeared fifteen days ago from the United (brum-br-um) Expedition, have been found! Native headhunters (gr-gr-zur-grick!) brought them back to the camp (zur), the worse for wear. And by the way, folk, what do you think happened to Abner Whizzle of South Dakota (gr-gr-gr-gr)? Why, Abner—"

Ran pushed in the button. He was white around his freckles.

"Did you hear it?"

"Did you?" quavered Pan.

"Of course! We all did!" Gerry jumped up and hugged Ran. "Oh, boy! oh, boy! I knew it would turn out all right. I knew your father would be found. Gee, I'm glad!"

"But wait!" Ran emerged, doubtful. "The Museum promised to call me up right off if they heard, and they haven't! Suppose it's not true!"

There was a knock at the door. A village woman who delivered messages for the telegraph company was outside, with a yellow envelope.

UNABLE TO REACH YOU BY TELEPHONE ALL DAY STOP RICHARD FORREST IS SAFE AT BASE CAMP STOP CONDITION SATISFACTORY STOP SENDS LOVE TO YOU.

It was signed by the director of the Museum.

"Did you know your 'phone wasn't working? The line men have been repairing the wires between here and the village. I certainly am glad it's such good news," said smiling Mrs. Brown.

When Lorena returned with an apple pie she found them apparently turned into maniacs, the two boys shouting and Pan sobbing violently.

"What is the matter?" she gasped.

"Nothing's the matter any more! Our father's found!" Lorena took time to set the apple pie out of harm's way.

"My!" she exclaimed. "Won't the two Peterses be sore." About an hour later, Judy called up Pan to congratulate her. She had heard the radio and had also seen the news in the evening paper. But she went on in her busiest way to deliver an invitation that was practically a command.

"You must come right in here tonight on the bus, you and your brother, too. I know more what's going on out there than you do, and there's somebody making trouble! So come right away."

"Thank you very much, Julia, but we couldn't possibly. Goodnight."

Julia should not play the same trick on her twice. What a queer girl she was! How could anybody be both scheming and kind—too frank one moment, the next up to trickery!

She did not even tell Lorena and Ran what the call had been about. Gerry had just left. She washed the dishes, in return for the work Lorena had done in cooking, and went upstairs with a book. Excited and happy as she was, sleep seemed out of the question. She threw herself on the bed and began to read. Some time later the book slid gently upon the bed.

A dull rumble of thunder wakened her, and she raised a hand to turn off the light, then realized she was still dressed. Drowsily she sat up and was fumbling with the small pearl buttons at the neck of her frock when it thundered again, and a recollection, sidetracked until now by the exciting events of the previous day, flashed into her mind.

"Oh, gracious, I left Julia's sweater out at the glass house last night! It will be ruined on and ruined! What a nuisance! I must get it."

She picked up a box of safety matches, since Ran's

*For what has happened so far in this story see page thirty-six*

torch had undoubtedly been taken to bed with him, and left her room. The night pressed upon her, heavy and dark, when she reached the stoop. The moon's pale disk had been high in the sky early that morning. It would not rise until late, even if it could be seen through the clouds. But by the brief light given by the matches she managed to find her way to the archery green.

She had just crossed it when a shimmer of lightning lighted up the whole place. She saw distinctly a man's figure. It was crouched on the grass over Peter Whispell's grave. She stopped short. Her heart began to pound. Then the lightning flashed again. She saw that the man had risen and was turning in her direction. In a strangled nightmare voice she screamed and ran. She knew at once that she was followed. The footsteps came closer and closer, she felt a breath upon her neck, a hand clutched her shoulder. This time her scream was that of one in mortal terror.

"Stop that!" (A shake.) "Another squawk from you, and you'll land in the lockup! Explain yourself. What are you doing, prowling around here?"

A warmth in the grasp, a familiarity in the voice, dispelled her fright. Resentment took its place. She struck wildly at the arm which held her.

"How dare you? This is my own place and I've a right to prowl around as much as I like, Gerry Forsythe! Lock-up indeed! You're the person who ought to go there. You're the prowler. You nearly frightened me out of my senses."

Accustomed to the darkness by now, she could dimly see him

staring at her. For a moment he gulped, then he burst out—

"Pan Forrest! You don't mean to say it's *you*!"

"Of course it's me!"

"But I thought you were asleep. Why are you out here?"

"That's my business! Can't a person do a thing without your consent? No wonder this inn is supposed to be hoodooed, and I know now who the hoodoo is! You've been making trouble for me all summer!"

"Me make trouble for you? What are you talking about? I've stood more from you than I ever have from any girl on earth. I've done nothing but smile politely while you've treated me as if I were a combination of tiger and rattle-snake, and—"

"Smile politely?" she interrupted. "I suppose that's what you call bursting out laughing as soon as my back was turned when I brought you the sign, and painting it so as to make it perfectly loathsome and ridiculous."

"You mean—you really think—"

"Didn't you paint it *Ye Hayesyde Awfle Inne*? Of course you did! Who else could have? And it *has* been an awful inn, thanks to the Peterses and you and all the queer doings on the archery green. I'll bet you're back of everything that's gone wrong there."

"It's no good my answering you," replied Gerry. "You don't believe anything you don't want to believe, so what's the use?"

"That's not so at all!"

"Oh, isn't it?"

"Who *did* paint that terrible name if you didn't?" persisted Pan. "Tell me that, if you're so good at denying."



"I don't see any use in continuing this conversation. I'm sorry I frightened you, but it's not safe for you to be running around so late alone, even here. I'll take you back to the house."

"You'll not do anything of the kind. I have to get a sweater of Julia Cockburn's which I left up on the hill."

In her pride and haste, she walked off without bothering to strike a match, tripped over something and fell headlong. Gerry heard her fall. He came up. "Are you hurt?"

"Not much." She sat on the ground rubbing a bruised knee.

THE old cedar stump is somewhere around here. Probably that's what you fell over," he remarked in an aloof voice.

Pan stopped rubbing. The words seemed to awaken something in her brain.

"The old cedar? How old?"

"I haven't counted the rings, so I don't know."

"Do you think it might be older than the one on the ledge near here?"

"Very likely. It's rotted away, and that's standing."

The clouds were less heavy now, and Pan began to get her bearings. She realized that in her confusion she had taken the wrong direction.

"This must be where you were looking for something just now. Did Julia send you out here?"

"Yes, she did."

In spite of all her previous accusations, the confession gave Pan a distinct shock.

"You were looking for something on our place because Julia told you to?" she repeated incredulously.

"Not quite that. She didn't ask me to catch my fraternity pin on a blackberry vine so that it was torn from my shirt and dropped in the grass here somewhere. But she did telephone me such a lot of nonsense about people skulking around the place at night trying to frighten you, and how unsafe it was for you to be here alone with only Ran, that I thought I'd better stay on guard to see what was up—you needn't believe this if it's going to be too much of a strain."

There was a short pause. Almost unnoticed by both, the thunder had muttered itself away, the lightning had ceased. The late-rising moon peered at them through parting clouds. Gerry was standing with his hands in his pockets, a defiant frown on his face, while Pan, sitting on the ground with her hands clasping her knees and her curls in wild disorder,

looked up at him suddenly with a startled, troubled gaze. "You're staying out here all night just to guard us?" she asked.

"I told you you didn't have to believe it."

"But I do. Somehow when you say a thing in that way, as if you really meant it, I—I can't help believing you!"

"Thanks a lot!" His voice still sounded sarcastic.

"And I beg your pardon for thinking that you meant to frighten me."

"That's all right. I don't blame you. Personally I think Judy's crazy and I'll certainly not do it again. Weird moaning sounds and streams of water hitting her in the neck! That was what she was complaining about, and she must have imagined the whole thing. Though when you yelled just now I was willing to believe her. But it only goes to show how easily you can get wrong ideas in the dark."

"Did she get a stream of water on her neck?" The moon seemed to pause in wonder to listen to Pan's giggle and reflect on the changeable moods of girls before going under a cloud again. "I can't help it," she almost wept. "It's too ridiculous! It served her exactly right, only I can't think how it happened. And the moaning! But wait! Ran might know something about it. He said the girls were scared."

"Ran might know something about a good many things," remarked Gerry dryly.

"What do you mean?"

Nobody spoke for a full minute, during which Pan's mind made up, at lightning speed, for the wrong direction it had taken all summer.

"Do you mean that he's behind all this wetting of the graveyard, and the glimmering on the stone, and—and—the sign's being changed?"

"I haven't said so at all." But in the moonlight she saw the quiver of a smile pass over his face.

"You do mean it!" she declared.

"Nonsense!" But his disclaimer sounded weak. "You may be just as wrong about all this now as you were before," he continued, "but if Ran did do any of these peculiar things, you know it wouldn't be because he wanted to annoy or frighten you, don't you? He might, of course, have been trying to discourage the Peterses—"

"That would be it! Oh, dear!" She heaved a deep sigh. "I'm just beginning to realize that when Nature made me, she left out the brains. That's all—just that one little thing, but it does make a difference sometimes."

"If brains were really all she left out——" began Gerry.

"Well, aren't they?"

He did not reply, and she sighed again.

I SUPPOSE you mean a nice disposition, and looks. But I can't help having red hair."

"No, and you can't help being cold and suspicious and taking violent dislikes to people the first minute you meet them."

"Can't I?"

"No."

"Then I can't help liking people when I first meet them, sometimes, too, and being *darn* mad when they don't like me!"

She had arisen by now, and was facing him. He looked down into her mysterious, mischievous eyes.

There was a silence in which electrifying things seemed to be happening.

"Pan!" he exclaimed.

"Yes?"

"Let's start all over (Continued on page 36)



"LET'S START OVER AGAIN, PAN." "I AGREE"



DID YOU KNOW THAT MANY OF THE MOST INTRICATE PUZZLES ARE MADE BY GIRLS?

**Y**OU know, of course, that piecing together the intricate parts of a jig-saw puzzle is one of the most thrilling and fashionable of pastimes right now.

Time was when we thought of the picture puzzle as child's play, but today no one seems to have escaped the puzzle craze. There is an enormous demand for jig-saw puzzles in gift shops, in the adult game departments of large department stores, in drug stores, and in lending libraries through which puzzles are exchanged. The tired business man turns to them for relaxation. The smart hostess foregoes bridge for puzzle parties. European royalty has helped to popularize American jig-saws—to the King of England, for example, a puzzle containing about fifteen hundred pieces goes every year from a firm in this country.

It is fun to give a puzzle party. But did you know that it is even more fun to make jig-saw puzzles for your own parties, for gifts, and for sale? The fact is that many of the most intricate puzzles—especially those that come from New England—are made by girls who seem to have a special talent for this sort of artistic craftsmanship.

The first requirement of a good jig-saw puzzle is a picture in clear, bright colors with vivid contrasts. It should not have too much sky or water or background in a solid color.

The subject of the picture will naturally depend upon the person for whom the puzzle is made. For the elderly person of the staid, stay-at-home type story telling pictures and colorful English garden scenes, such as "Ann Hathaway's Cottage," are always popular. Men seem to favor hunting scenes with red-coated riders, horses and hounds against a woodland background, with such titles as: "Following the Hounds" and "A Merry Chase." They also have a fondness for Spanish galleons and reproductions of famous paintings. The young, modern crowd tends toward the humorous type of puzzle.

Where shall you find your pictures? A wide choice of bright-hued prints in typical jig-saw puzzle subjects may be bought for a few cents each from manufacturers who specialize in such mate-

# The Jig-saw Fad

By ANNA COYLE

Illustrations by Jean Calboun

rials. These come in standard sizes, measuring from about six by eight inches to sixteen by twenty inches, and are printed on the heavy paper with a glossy finish that makes the best puzzles. They also come in combination party puzzle pictures four by twelve inches, designed for puzzle games.

The vari-colored paintings found on magazine covers are often ideal for puzzles. Advertisements from the magazines, especially some of the humorous ones, are especially adapted to party puzzles.

My advice to the beginner is to start on a small picture, one about six inches by eight inches, and make the cuts quite large and not too intricate. Then as skill is acquired all the interesting tricks of the expert may be introduced into your work.

Quite distinctive as gifts are the jig-saw puzzles made from your own photograph or from enlarged snapshots of interesting scenery, your Girl Scout Little House or camp, or your household pets. These make unusual Christmas presents or valentines.

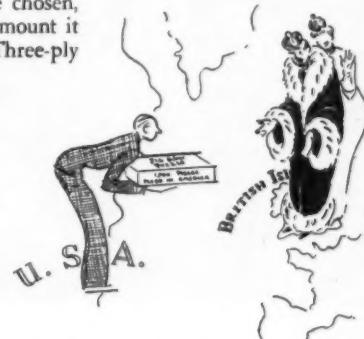
With the picture chosen, the next step is to mount it on suitable wood. Three-ply wood is used for the best jig-saw puzzles. It should be one-eighth or three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. For the smaller puzzles the lighter wood is usually used, and for the larger puzzles the heavier. Plywood, as you may know, is

thin layers of wood glued together, with the grain of each layer running in a different direction. For this reason it cuts to good advantage and has less tendency to warp. And, of course, one doesn't want a puzzle with pieces all curled up from warping. Here again reliable manufacturers come to your aid with a special picture puzzle plywood which may be had in either of the thicknesses mentioned and in pieces from five by seven inches to sixteen by twenty-two inches, selling from about five cents to about fifty cents, depending upon the size.

Next we come to the easy and correct way to glue the picture to the plywood. We want it to go on perfectly smooth and without air bubbles, and we want it to stick so tight that it will not separate from the wood or become ragged at the edges after the puzzle has been used a number of times. For this, lasting bond rubber cement, sometimes called artist's cement, is easy to use and entirely satisfactory. It is applied with a brush to the back of the (Continued on page 47)



MOST FATHERS ARE DEVOTED TO JIG-SAW PUZZLES



ENGLAND'S KING GETS A LARGE PUZZLE

# Girl Scouts



THIS GIRL SCOUT FROM ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO TIGHTENS HER SADDLE CINCH BEFORE LEAVING THE PADDOCK



AT CAMP IAOLIWA, HONOLULU SINGING HOUR IS HELD AMONG THIS TREE'S GRACEFUL BRANCHES



STILL WATER TEMPTS THIS CAMP SWIMMER; GIRL SCOUTS SEEK HER TWIN MIRRORED DUETTE



IT'S ART TO SLIDE A CANOE INTO THE LAKE THE WAY THESE CLEVELAND GIRL SCOUTS DO

HOT BISCUITS WILL BE READY SOON FOR THE QUEENS COUNCIL, NEW YORK GIRL SCOUTS AT THEIR PIONEER CAMP

# Take The Trail

chic woodland influence had  
and off—for almost to a day  
pey in Wyoming or Wash-  
The spell of the open calls  
it merrily and courageously



CHICAGO GIRL SCOUTS TURN MARINERS FOR THE MO-  
MENT BY NAUTICALLY ATTACHING A SAIL TO A CANOE



TILL WE TEMPT  
HIS CAMP NAMING  
GIRL SO TO SEEK  
HER TWO A MIR-  
ORED DUETTE

A BROOK AMONG THE  
REDWOODS QUENCHES  
THE THIRST OF BUSY  
SEATTLE GIRL SCOUTS



THIS VENTURA, CALIFORNIA GIRL SCOUT IS OFF  
ON A HARDY TREK THROUGH THE CATTLE COUNTRY



A GOOD JOKE SAVORS  
THE PIONEER LIFE AT  
CAMP GREENWOOD, MIN-  
NEAPOLIS GIRL SCOUT  
FOREST HEADQUARTERS

# Small Creatures of the

*come into their own again now that Summer's here  
gather such rare wisdom from Nature herself as they*



A YOUNG CALIFORNIA WOODPECKER PECKS HIS FIRST PECKING UNDER GIRL SCOUT EYES

WETHER you have ever been to camp before or not, it's always a thrilling sensation every year to unpack your duffle, make up your cot and then amble out of doors to see who is just arriving. Gone are those awful moments in the station when over and over again you mentally re-checked all the things you meant to pack—how about the flashlight, the camera, the many-bladed knife for mumble peg? Enough handkerchiefs? Enough ties? Enough socks? Gone—all those worries now that you have begun to live your new life. "Strange how sweet the pine smells," you sleepily say to yourself on the first night. "I never knew pine could be so soothing—" You know no more—until it's "All up for the morning dip!" Camp has actually come!

"And," so says Winifred Bodwin's letter of life at Shadowbrook, the Girl Scout camp near Burlingame, California, "when one gets home and thinks of one's experiences at camp, they seem even more real than when they happened. Shadowbrook is situated in the Big Basin country among redwoods, azaleas, huckleberries and tanbark oaks. We sleep in bed rolls on the ground with trees and stars on guard, and keep our things in places among the bushes which are fixed like dressing rooms. They are called 'nests.' Our leaders take the names of such birds as the meadowlark, thrush, redwing, gyrfalcon, kinglet and blackbird.

"As for activities: we go in for puppets, marionettes, archery, handicrafts, nature projects, life-saving, dramatics, camp crafts and hiking. On the latter we sometimes break trails through the mountains on our way to the seacoast.

"Most of all, though, we like to remember camp fire at night,

what songs we sing, stories we tell and what plays and stunts we play—all for the making of better friendships, the aim of every Girl Scout."

## Hunting for Supper

Little Tommy Tucker would have been sympathetic to the girls at Camp Runnels—both had to earn their suppers, Tommy, as we know, by singing for it, the camp girls by searching for it. "It was one of the best times we had this summer," so writes Nancy E. Luce of Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

"We appeared at the mess hall as usual expecting to find our supper on the table waiting for us but, much against our expectations, the mess hall door was shut. Only our captain was in sight. All she did, though, was to point to a sign on the door which told us that our eyes alone could find our supper—it was hidden.

"We started out toward the cook house in the Junior unit when all of a sudden

'round a bend in the path rushed some Juniors. Yells of pain reached us and then we saw what it was, a swarm of hornets in pursuit of the retreating Juniors.

"We stood not upon the order of our going, you may be sure; we took to our heels. After the camp nurse had taken care of the victims of the hornet bites, we Seniors made a prolonged search for our supper. After a good half-mile tramp following woodcraft signs, we found our nosebag supper. We could hardly wait to devour it. It seemed hard earned but good."

## Campers for the Day

That was the time limit since the Stoughton, Wisconsin Girl Scout troop had been invited to stay only for that period at Camp Hickory Hill at Edgerton, Wisconsin. But they had a delightful time as you may tell from Harriet Taylor's letter:

"Our Girl Scout troop had never been to a real Girl Scout camp before, so imagine our excitement when the troop received an invitation to spend a day at Camp Hickory Hill at Rice Lake near Edgerton.

"We arrived at the camp just in time for handicrafts, dancing and dramatics. We went right through the camp program for the day, just as if we had been to camp a week.

"The thing we noticed most at Camp Hickory Hill was the girls' manner toward us. It was the real Girl Scout spirit and we had no trouble at all in getting acquainted."

## A New Lodge

Once Girl Scouts get even one day at camp it becomes a habit that lasts a lifetime. Jane and Ruth Collier of the Portland, Oregon Girl Scouts have written about a beautiful new addition to their permanent camp buildings:

"Girl Scouts of Portland, Oregon are rejoicing over a new lodge at their Camp Wildwood on the Molalla River. It is simple, spacious and snugly built on a gentle bluff above the river. In the midst of firs and dogwoods, the new lodge will keep its guests snug and dry on week-ends and will furnish through its wide windows overlooking the woods and river that wild beauty which brightens the eye of every Girl Scout.

"And what a warming the building has had! Of course, the very shakes and shingles were carefully watched all the time it was being built, warmed by the interest and work of the Girl Scouts and the Portland Council,

## OUR STAR REPORTER

*The best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month. She receives a book as an award. To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer for "American Girl" readers the following questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Lists of names are not to be given except as they are essential.*

REBECCA FLANDERS, Troop Three, West Haven, Connecticut has sent us the most interesting reporting for this month. So she is July's Star Reporter:

"Six of us fifteen-year-old First Class Mariners, our hearts as daring as Leif Ericson's, set out to cross Long Island Sound under our Skipper's watchful eye.

"On Monday we met at Skipper's house before driving to the Yacht Club where we boarded the boat. Once it was in order and our supplies stored, we spent the afternoon holding our own Olympics.

"Tuesday we were up before sunrise. At four bells we started our twenty-two mile cruise to Port Jefferson. We soon felt we were acquainted with port when we discovered that clams were many and fish few.

"Wednesday morning we trolled for bluefish but returned to our mooring when a storm threatened. As it was soon raining we stayed on board and cleaned house. An original game, *Rules of the Road*, was played, too. During the afternoon we were aided by a neighboring sailor when our boat dragged anchor. We then let out our storm anchor. Rosalind, first mate, and Skipper kept watch.

"Thursday dawned bright and clear. We visited many boats that had arrived the night before. During the course of the morning the rope holding the dinghy untied and as I was the last one to use it before it broke loose I had to swim after it. After that we went in swimming—only to find the water full of many multi-colored clam worms.

"Friday we pulled anchor and said goodbye to Port Jefferson. We cruised to Mt. Sinai before starting home. We arrived there about noon and spent the rest of the day telling yarns and cleaning house again.

"Saturday we put the ship in order, and after having a last final swim we called the boatswain to take us ashore. Thus ended a successful and very happy cruise."

# Woods and Waters

*and Girl Scouts, school books tossed aside,  
will pleasurable remember all their lives*

who were responsible for its being, warmed by the hopes and gleeful anticipations of the troops, who contributed their mites and named their patchwork shingles, and finally and officially warmed by a series of Saturday picnics arranged by the Council. First they entertained the workmen and their interested families, then the high school Girl Scouts had a rollicking day at the new lodge with ceremony, treasure hunt and runs along the trails. Then came a whole swarm of younger girls—over four hundred—crammed into buses and cars. They certainly warmed every board of the place.

"The lodge is set quite apart from the rest of the camp. The old Mushroom, camp headquarters, and the little tents of the girls who fill the camp in summer are below it closer to the river.

"There is a big open room for living and dining, with a masterpiece of a fireplace to burn Oregon logs and dry out Girl Scouts who come in wet with rain. There is a well-arranged little kitchen; two dormitories—one upstairs, one down—each holding about ten cots. There are showers, too. Are we proud and fond of our lodge? Just come and see!"

## At Camp in the Pacific

Its setting is beautiful Hawaii and "it is known as one of the best-equipped camps in the world for girls," so writes Sumako Takahama of Wailuku about Camp Pokue-lani, the Girl Scout camp on the island of Maui.

"There are about ten tents, a pavilion, a nursery, a very large kitchen and a dining room. We also have a very nice swimming pool. Every summer girls who are interested in out-of-door sports usually spend their vacation here. Girl Scouts from all over Maui come, too, and sometimes even Girl Scouts from other islands.

"We have four weeks of camping for Girl Scouts, and two weeks for Brownies. The Brownies also have many privileges.

Nearly all the Brownie packs are directed by the older Girl Scouts who enjoy teaching them games and songs.

"The annual Girl Scout rally will soon be held here and I hope it will be 'better than ever.'

## In Indian Country

"We are at the foot of a large twenty-acre hill, the site of old Fort Custer, a lookout station during the Indian wars," writes the scribe about the Girl Scout camp at Hardin, Montana.

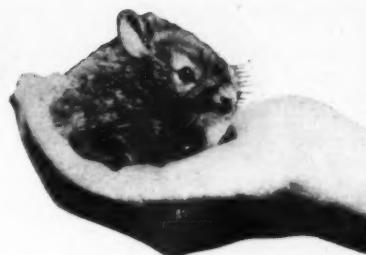
"We bought our little cabin some years ago. It was just a tar-paper-covered shack deserted by some homesteader—that is when we got it. But we worked on it from the moment it was really ours, nights after school by the aid of candles and oil lamps, on week-ends, and whenever we had a moment.

"We kalsomined it, painted the furniture and woodwork, made curtains and did all sorts of general repairing. Then we put out some flowers, planted others, trimmed and pruned our trees and all the time did practical work toward our proficiency badges. We always work hard in patrols on some kind of camp improvement project during the morning, changing off to archery, signaling, or nature work in the afternoon. We have lessons in fire building at the camp fire, sing songs, tell stories, or do stunts. Then in Indian file we wind our way along the twisted path back to the cabin at the foot of its historic hill."

## Blimping

"I wonder," writes Elise White of Troop Twenty-five, Akron, Ohio, "if you would be interested in what we did one day at our Girl Scout camp.

"It was the time when the Goodyear Rubber Company sent us its blimp, *The Reliance*, to visit us.



HE IS QUITE CONTENT IN A FRIEND'S HAND

Those of us who had written permission from our parents went up about nine o'clock in the morning. Lined up in rows of eight girls and a councilor, we went up in the air and high over the field.

"When a blimp unloads and loads again every person that gets out must be immediately replaced by another so that balance may be retained.

"When it came my turn I sat in the front seat, closest to the pilot. I was awfully glad about this because it gave me a chance to watch him drive the blimp."

## Modern Mariners

"Away up on the top of a bluff facing the salty waters of Long Island Sound" is a Girl Scout Mariners' camp which from the first word of its scribe's account to the last tells of enchanted summer days with sea breezes blowing.

Theirs is a thirty-four-foot cruiser with a nine-foot beam. "She has a nice-looking trunk cabin," so the scribe goes on, "and an open cockpit aft. Forward she has a washroom and lavatory with a shelf on the port bulkhead to hold linens. The cabin has four comfortable (Continued on page 43)



ALBANY, NEW YORK GIRL SCOUTS RAISE THEIR SNOWY DUCKS BESIDE THE PLASHY BRINK OF A REEDY POND



THESE NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS GIRL SCOUTS ARE STUDYING WATER LIFE AT THEIR CAMP, MARY DAY

## THE DRUMS OF WAR

Not quite fifteen years ago the leading nations of the world silenced their guns and took their places around a peace table. They were there to clean up the débris after the "war to end wars," which had lasted through four of the bloodiest and most destructive years in the history of mankind. A large majority of the peoples of the earth had been doing their utmost to cripple or entirely annihilate each other. Every death-dealing weapon that the mind of man could think up in its most devilishly cunning moments had been used, not against combatants only, but against women, children and animals. Nearly eight million men had died in service, and over nine million civilians of all ages and both sexes had perished of starvation and disease. Miles of once beautiful country had been turned into a blood-soaked morass. Millions of dollars worth of buildings, books and valuable works of art had been destroyed. Of the people left alive, hundreds of thousands were blind or crippled, and almost all of the countries involved were loaded with debts which it would take two or three generations to repay. The shattered remnant of mankind which remained raised its hands to heaven and fervently declared, "Never again."

Yet in May, 1933, less than fifteen years after that terrible lesson, the leading coun-



tries of the world once more stood on the brink of another great war. Six nations—China, Japan, Colombia, Peru, Bolivia and Paraguay—actually were at war, and two others—Germany and Poland—were rattling their sabers so threateningly that Europe expected any minute some open clash which would lead to a fight into which all would be drawn. Most thoughtful people realized that another great war might mean the end of civilization as we have known it.

## HITLER

The principal reason for the war scare which swept the world in May was the rise to power of Adolf Hitler. Except for a brief period when she was splurging on money lent her by this country, Germany has been chafing for fifteen years under a yoke of poverty, debts, unemployment and humiliation. Since the war a young generation has grown up, one which did not experience the horror of the trenches. They are filled with anger, resentment and hurt pride because their country was defeated, and because it has been kept, ever since, in the position of a beaten nation, forced to pay each year to its conquerors every penny it could scrape and save, and not allowed to build big guns, tanks, fighting planes and battleships as the nations around it have been doing.

In this miserable and discontented Germany there appeared, thirteen years ago, a new leader, a young politician named Adolf Hitler. He formed unemployed men into political clubs and raised the money to equip them with cheap brown shirt uniforms. He made them feel power-

# What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN



ful, strong and important. Even better, he put salve on their wounded pride by telling them that Germany had not really been defeated; she had lost the war, he said, because she had been betrayed by the Jews in her midst. Hitler promised that if the Germans would put him at the head of the nation, he would do two things: crush the Jews; force the other countries to let Germany rearm and once more to be on an equality basis with the rest of Europe.

Because of the two promises which he held out, and because of other reasons too complicated to discuss here, the Germans finally decided to give Hitler and his followers, or Nazis, their chance to make good on their promises. Last November so many people voted for Hitler's party at the polls, that on January 30, 1933 he was made Chancellor and practical dictator of Germany, a position of almost unlimited power, one comparative to Mussolini's post.

He immediately began to carry out his first promise, the persecution of the Jews. In several cities Jews were beaten or killed; Jewish stores were boycotted; thousands of Jewish scientists, professors, lawyers, doctors and teachers were forced out of their professions; a campaign of persecution was started against Jewish writers, musicians, artists and scientists, many of whom, such as Einstein, were among the most eminent men in Germany.

As a final gesture, Hitler and his followers held, toward the end of May, a great bonfire, in which they publicly burned copies of books written by Jews, and others written by non-Jews with whose teachings they disagreed. They burned, for example, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, because it pictures the horror and degradation of war, instead of glorifying force as a method of getting what one wants—the Hitler theory.



THE GERMAN POCKETBOOK FEELS THE PINCH

All these outrages apparently made Hitler's followers feel once more proud and strong, and convinced that their leader was a great man who would soon lead them out of their difficulties. Outside of Germany, however, Nazi tactics had exactly the op-

posite effect. A storm of protest against the persecution of any citizens because of their race or religion arose in every civilized country, and was backed up by boycotts of Germans and German goods. Such a painful blow was struck at German trade that Hitler was forced to tone down his speeches a little, and to carry out his measures against the Jews less conspicuously and with less personal violence.

He still, however, vigorously pursued the second purpose, to accomplish which his party had been put in power: he demanded that Germany be allowed to rearm until she was as strong as the other great nations of Europe.

This demand came at a time when the rest of the world was trying to work out a plan for reducing, not increasing, armies.

## ROOSEVELT TO THE RESCUE

In the middle of the tense situation produced by these events, Hitler suddenly sent out a call for the Reichstag, or German parliament, to meet; he wished to make a speech to them and the nation. Another shiver of fear ran through Europe. Was Hitler going to serve notice to the world that Germany was ready to precipitate another great war unless she got the equality in arms which she demanded? The entire world awaited his speech with worry.



Then America dramatically stepped to the front of the stage. The day before Hitler was scheduled to speak, President Roosevelt suddenly sent a message to the nations of the world. He urged them to abandon all weapons except those needed to defend their own borders, declared that the United States was in favor of the MacDonald plan for disarming (put before the Peace Conference at Geneva a few months ago by the Prime Minister of England) and said in effect that if any nation refused to cooperate for peace along these lines, it would then be clear to the rest of the world that that nation would be the one morally responsible for war, if it came. "I urge," said Mr. Roosevelt, "that no nation assume such a responsibility."

This move on the part of our President was greeted with wide applause. It not only mobilized the sentiment of the world for peace, it called for immediate action toward disarmament, instead of just more words, and made a definite promise of more cooperation than America had before given.

Hitler immediately seized the opportunity offered him. When he delivered his speech next day, to a packed Reichstag and a nervous world, it turned out to be far milder than had been anticipated. He still demanded military equality, but promised that Germany would not seek it except by means provided for in the Versailles Treaty.

A sigh of relief ran round the world. For the time being, the threat of war had been averted, or at least delayed. The Disarmament Conference at Geneva, which had slumbered for nearly a year, took on new life. Hope was born once more that civilization might be able to find some way of settling its disputes other than methods left over from an age of barbarism.

## YOUR FRIENDLY ENEMY—SUN



(Continued from page 21)

with the sun it is pretty poisonous. I'm thinking of motoring now, and of sailing, where you go for hours feeling the cool wind on your cheek, all unsuspecting of what will be in store for you when the day is over. Don't let yourself be fooled by this false comfort. Prepare for a day in the sun as you would for a day in the sun, by using on your face plenty of cold cream or creamy protective lotion. And when you come in at night follow my advice and either cleanse your skin with a cream or cold cream before you wash.

AS a matter of fact, while we are on this subject, I might as well add that on the water, or at the beach, the sun does not need to shine brightly nor the wind to blow in order to make it very uncomfortable for your face. There are misty days, when the sun seems very mild indeed, that can give you the most unpleasant-feeling face. Beware of these—they are tricky and insidious. Indeed, beware of exposing your face unprotected to almost any day at the beach—except a downright pour—for it's hard to know how dangerous any day can be until tomorrow—and tomorrow, alas, is too late!

To the hair as well as to the face the sun can be a mixed blessing. You have probably been advised again and again that when you wash your hair it is a good idea to dry it in the sunlight. True. Tossing your hair about in the sunlight and the fresh air for a short time while it dries makes it seem beautifully sweet and fluffy. But this does not mean that it is a good idea to bake your hair repeatedly in the strong sun's rays. This is apt to make it dry and brittle and bleach it and streak it unpleasantly.

Now then, one more warning and then I will be through with my preaching. Be careful about your eyes in the bright sun. The glare on the water, the brilliant sun and the wind when you motor are apt to irritate and redden and make squints in the best eyes. If you are susceptible it is wise to wear a brimmed hat or dark glasses. And it is the best time in the world to acquire the habit of using a soothing and cleansing eye wash such as a boric acid solution.

Yours for a pleasant and good-looking summer—with no really hard feelings toward the sun, your very friendly enemy.

**PATENTED! . . . because  
it's utterly different**

# Equalizer KOTEX

**20 to 30% greater  
protection**

KOTEX radically improved... Kotex emphatically bettered all the time... yet offered at lower and lower prices. Today you can buy Kotex with the New Equalizer at any drug, dry goods or department store.

#### New Patented Equalizer

The new patented Equalizer in Kotex gives 20 to 30% greater protection; more adequate but less bulky protection; a feeling of lasting safety. An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

Ends, of course, are "phantomized" . . . not only rounded but flattened, tapered, made absolutely non-revealing. Absorbency, softness, disposability are identically the same as in the Kotex you've always known. Its soft, downy filler never was softer, never gave you such perfect comfort as it does now—with the new Equalizer. It can be worn on either side with equal protection.

#### Unique to Kotex

This new Equalizer is so unique it has been protected by patent No. 1,863,333.

Try it. Learn for yourself the safety, the security and undreamed of comfort to be found in Kotex with Patented Equalizer.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt* . . . the final perfection in sanitary comfort . . . designed to give wearing ease such as has never before been possible.

#### Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

- 1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copy, 1933, Kotex Co.



# Letters from Andree—By JANE

FRIDAY

DEAR MOTHER:

We're just settled, and we have nothing to do right now so I thought you might as well hear all about it. Leslie and I are not in the same units. I'm in Birches and she's in Tip Top. I haven't seen Leslie since we came up the hill.

After we had chosen the units we thought we would like, we handed in our money and in exchange received a booklet of coupons in denominations of twenty-five cents, ten cents, five cents and one cent. Then we went to the trading post. I bought a little flash and a tie. I talked to the girls about uniforms, and it seems that to buy a complete suit costs three dollars, and rented suits, which look like new, are only one dollar apiece as long as you stay—so I rented two.

We had a nice lunch and visited the nurse, and then came on up the hill. We chose our tents, and I'm with three cute girls but a blot on the landscape just appeared and I think we get her. Midge just came too, and we're mad that we can't have her. Incidentally, she is the one girl up here that I've known before.

The girl that is writing with me (we're planked on a rock in the middle of nowhere) comes from Macon, Georgia and her name is Molly something-or-other. She's very pretty, small and blonde, and she's full of personality. Another girl in our tent is Alice, her nickname is Pooh, and she's crazy about art and swimming—she's just about my twin—so far.

The other girl is nice but she doesn't seem to make friends so easily and I don't know much about her yet.

After rest hour we had lemonade and cookies, and since new girls can't go in swimming until tomorrow, all we have to do is wait for supper.

I'm very proud of this long epistle. I don't know what I'll have left to write about next.

Don't forget to have those pictures fixed as soon as possible. Tell Tommie I'll write her a letter if she'll write me one.

Lots of love to all three.

JANE

SUNDAY

DEAR MOTHER:

I don't suppose you got my first letter yesterday, because I didn't know about the mail. It only goes out at twelve every day, and unless your letters are ready the night before, you're usually too busy to get them off on time.

Andree is very different from Calbeck, so it's hardly fair to make comparisons. It's a little like the Pioneer Unit, but we live more with our own group. We have two patrols of ten each in our troop, and two tents for a patrol. I'm in Patrol One.

Every day is scheduled, but the schedule is different every day. That's one thing I like right away—almost anybody would.

We have, so I've been told, about the



Well, you've got all the slants in my writing—literally and not, because I'm lying in bed on my stomach. Since it's Sunday, we're going to have a free-for-all breakfast—get up when you want as long as you get out of the kitchen before nine-thirty (A. M.).

I'm all writ out. I'd better get a letter from you soon. Love from—  
JANE

TUESDAY

DEAR MOTHER:

I was certainly glad to get your letters, and Tommie's was choice. I hope you're having a good time up there—we're having a swell time here. Last night we went on a supper hike, and we had loads of fun. I love the way we get meals up here. Everyone's been camping before, and knows what to do, so the food's slick, and there's plenty of it. On the hike we cooked in patrols, and the ten girls in our patrol got wood, built a fire, made and cooked a supper and had everything ready in no time—without the aid of a councilor. Ours hadn't arrived yet, so we thought, and were we mad when, after we had waited

fifteen minutes with supper cooked and cooling, we found both of our councilors sitting with the other patrol, waiting!

This morning we worked on canoeing for our sailor's badge. Our tent had to get lunch today, but it was easy to fix because we always have cafeteria style lunch at noon, and we fix individual plates.

After lunch, Molly, Midge and I decided we'd like to get tanned during rest hour. We wanted to go down to the stockade, where you can dress for swimming, so we asked Br'er Rabbit. She told us we might if we read the recipe for sun tan (mahogany shade) that's posted in the troop house. (The recipe, not the sun tan.)

We found that you should strip to the waist and lie in a sunny, secluded spot, toasting yourself for five minutes on each side, for the first time. The recipe also told us not to bathe for two hours after the sun bath. (That was inconvenient, because we got very dirty.)

Molly and I have vowed we would take a shower ever since we came, and at last we took one this morning. It was cold.

There have been several episodes with skunks up here, but I've slept through them. One "Oscar" ate some potato chips outside of one tent, and Virginia almost ran into one coming back from camp fire. He was right outside our tent, and Marion just about killed herself against a suitcase in the scramble to get inside, but no one knew it.

The sun's out now—I bet you're glad to know that. But look at the letter I've written you. I think I'd better stop. As ever,

JANE

TUESDAY

DEAR MOTHER:

Dorothy and John arrived on Sunday as a great surprise and did we have fun? The sight of their new automobile added

much to our joy and satisfaction. We took a lovely ride and even had some of the chicken sandwiches they brought for lunch. We had lots of fun talking about nothing.

Molly and I went to the Episcopal church at Pleasantville in the morning.

Our tableaux went off well Sunday night, and it didn't rain right then, so it was all right.

Yesterday morning our unit went on a cross country hike, and took nose-bag lunches. We hiked all over through woods and what-not beyond Macy. After we had lunch and a half-hour rest, we hiked to a place and picked blueberries, which Molly and I made in flapjacks this morning.

### *Blueberry Flapjacks*

4½ cups flour  
9 level teaspoons baking powder  
3 teaspoons salt  
6 tablespoons sugar  
4 eggs  
2 cups milk  
Water for desired consistency  
1 pt. blueberries

Mix all dry ingredients—do not add liquids until the fire has burned down to coals.—Add blueberries last. Batter should be just thick enough to pour from a spoon. Heat the pan and grease it thoroughly but have no extra grease. Pour in enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan completely. The pan should be level to insure even baking. When the top is covered with bubbles and edges are crisp, loosen the cake from the bottom by shaking the pan.

When we got home (about three-thirty) we were just all tired out. We had to climb stone walls all the time and the undergrowth was terrific, since half the time we followed no trail.

In the afternoon, when we came back, I went to market with Molly and just then a gang of people from Calbeck arrived. I knew almost all of them. They overnighted beyond Innisfree, and Midge and I went out to see them. You can imagine we did some talking. We hope to be able to go in swimming with them this morning.

Today we are going to have a ham hole for dinner—ham, pineapple, mashed sweet potatoes. We had it here in April with Donna, and I love it. We all think the food up here is extra-special.

I'm going in swimming this morning and find out how deep the water is after the rain. We want it to get deep so we can dive off the board.

I have to help someone wedge wood immediately, so goodbye.

JANE

THURSDAY

DEAR MOTHER:

What a day! Molly just left on the bus, and Midge is going soon. I've changed tents, and now Emily Denslow and I are tenting together. Another girl named Sally came down from Leslie's unit, but our fourth has not yet arrived.

Since there are going to be only forty-eight campers, two units, including Leslie's, one being closed, and Leslie and Bee are going to be in my unit. There will be only four girls in each tent, and we'll have a nice couch in ours, because we have an extra bed and a couple of camp

blankets and pillows—all quite scrumptious.

Our tent is really very nice. It has the nicest view, even though it has no porch, and it's across the road and a little behind the troop house—not near enough to the kitchens for us to be awakened when table setting starts.

Even though the best kids are either going home or to Innisfree, our councilors are going to be swell. Of course we have Br'er Rabbit and June, and the Admiral is staying, and since Lee's going to Innisfree we're having Cinders and Bobby—canoeing counselor—and both are darling.

I hope the new kids will be nice. Emily's a peach, but I never knew anyone in my life so well in such a short time as Molly, and Midge is an old pal anyway. The three of us were together all the time.

Tuesday night Pat invited us down to her tent, as Rabbit's friends and relations, and read us some Pooh stories. It was fun.

Yesterday morning we went swimming and fooled with the canoe, and then we had a shore lunch in our bathing suits. We cooked on what beach there is—namely large, uncomfortable pebbles, and mud where the water's edge is when there's water. But we had fun, especially when we tried to eat melted chocolate kisses.

We didn't do much in the afternoon, because the kids were getting ready to leave. But last night we had a wild time. It had rained a little in the afternoon, and we were afraid the program which was to be given at Innisfree would have to be given inside at Kismet. It was a little play from a book called *Martin Pippin*, and the proper setting is an apple orchard, so Innisfree just fitted. Well, we went, but dark clouds gathered fast, and apples were passed around. You can bet with all the excitement, and the apple munching, we didn't hear much play. Just as they finished—the weather was kind enough to wait—the rain poured down, and we all made a bee line for Innisfree's troop house. Oh, by the way, you asked for our ham hole recipe. Here it is:

### *Ham with Sweet Potatoes and Pineapple*

3 pounds sliced ham  
10 sweet potatoes or 1 Number Two can of sweet potatoes  
2 Number Two cans pineapple (sliced)  
4 tablespoons brown sugar  
3 tablespoons butter

Place a half-inch slice of ham in the bottom of baking dish, Dutch oven, or cooking kettle, or something with a tight-fitting lid. Cover with a layer of sliced sweet potatoes—these may not be precooked. Cover this layer with a layer of sliced pineapple. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter. Cover with another slice of ham, another layer of sweet potatoes, and slices of pineapple; add sugar and butter. Bake for two hours in a bean hole. Use either cooked or uncooked ham.

Lots of love,

JANE

SUNDAY

DEAR MOTHER:

Imagine my anger! I just got out of bed to get paper and envelopes and I found practically all my (Continued on page 47)



**"I must not forget . . ."**

Haste in packing or carelessness means disappointments later.

A guide rope is easily forgotten but on a hike it may be very necessary. An unbreakable mirror is not only useful in a tent but makes an ideal reflector for signalling or for making a campfire. And the diary is much more convenient to carry than the Handbook—and contains a great deal of useful information.

Check over your list with the catalog and see if anything has been forgotten.

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## How Far Can You Swim?

(Continued from page 17)

massage every time you start using your arms and legs to force your way through old King Neptune's domain. If you want to find out for yourself how water can give you a beauty treatment of this kind, Miss McGary suggests that you hang your feet over the edge of a dock or float, kick them vigorously in the water for a few minutes, and then note the tingly sensation.

While it may seem strange that the same exercise that makes a stout girl lose weight will add pounds to a thin girl, the fact remains that it often does just that. Swimming, as you probably know already, can make you ravenously hungry. How many girls, coming out of the water at a picnic, have been surprised at the number of sandwiches they could eat? Being an exercise that brings into use practically all of the muscles, swimming makes you tired, and the chances are that you won't have any trouble tearing off eight or ten hours of sleep a night, provided you swim regularly. By helping your appetite and inducing sleep, swimming actually aids body growth.

Naturally, the girl who keeps one eye on the scales and the other on her diet to keep from growing over-plump will be tempted to make dents in her lunch just as much as the girl who doesn't care how much she eats. The curious and encouraging fact is that the stout girl who swims need not worry too much about her diet, because the exercise which she takes will help hold down her weight.

But how about the girl who is neither too stout nor too thin? How will swimming benefit her? One of the most important reasons, from the girl's own standpoint, is that she can actually give herself more abundant health while improving the appearance of her body. But let's let Miss McGary tell us.

**SWIMMING**, she says, "develops long, strong muscles, with great 'tensile strength,' I guess you'd call it. If you want to know what sculptors and painters think of long muscles, take a look at any of the great masterpieces in which the human body is represented. Are Greek athletes shown with huge, bouncy muscles, or are they gracefully proportioned? Swimming, because of the very nature of its movements, produces beautiful and useful muscles. Then, too, swimming develops the lungs.

But just any kind of swimming won't do. In order to get all of the advantages mentioned, you must graduate from these swimmers who spend their time between sunning themselves on shore and occasionally, to prove that they can, taking a few strokes. Furthermore, if you are to become a really efficient swimmer, you should go in for the longer races, rather than for the short dashes, which Miss McGary says produce "all fight and little form."

If you want to get thinner, or fatter, or more graceful of figure, the thing for you to do is get busy just as soon as you can on a long-distance

swimming program. When Miss McGary speaks of long-distance swimming, she doesn't mean that you should try to be a human duck like Pedro Candiotti, who unofficially holds the world's distance record.

**T**HE chances are that you have never heard of Pedro Candiotti. Pedro traveled more miles in one continued swim than some people ever get from home—211 miles. It took him seventy-one hours and fifty-five minutes—nearly three whole days—for this extra long bath in the Parana River, Argentina, from March 12-15, 1931.

No one could expect you to aim at Pedro's mark, but why not try for proficiency in the distances in which Miss McGary has earned her fame? She says that if you can swim 500 yards in six minutes, or a little over, you are ready to conquer longer distances. But if it takes you fifteen minutes to do 500 yards, you had better keep practicing until you can appreciably cut down your time.

If you can't swim out of doors, you might use an indoor pool. So, if you begin to take an interest in swimming at camp this summer, you need not lose your skill after you leave. When the weather gets too cold for a dip in your favorite lake or pool, the most sensible thing to do, Miss McGary suggests, is to get started on an indoor marathon.

These indoor marathons, she explains, are becoming increasingly popular because they help you make progress during the time when outdoor swimming is impracticable—seasons ordinarily wasted in so far as swimming is concerned, except in warm climates. Of course, you need access to a pool, and this advice is intended for those who are fortunate enough to have such access. It's too much to hope you all have.

Of course, during the summer, outdoor swimming is more fun—and healthier. But whether you are at camp or at home, at the seaside or near a pool, it ought not to be difficult to get together a group of friends to organize a "Marathon Swim." But before we go any farther, let me remind you of the necessity of getting a physical examination from a competent physician before adopting swimming as an exercise. This is a most important step in our game.

Let us suppose that you have gathered together ten or more who are seriously interested in being able to swim better, all of whom have been passed on as physically qualified to undergo the swimming strain. First, you should get the services of a competent instructor.

Next, equipped as you are with your group of willing swimmers, an instructor, and place to swim, you will need a chart upon which you will keep a record.

Miss McGary suggests that you get a rather large sheet of cardboard and rule it off in "lanes," the number of lanes being equal to the number of swimmers entered in your marathon. Now decide how long the marathon is to be. If it is to be a "fifty-mile" race, you should draw fifty-one lines at right angles to the ones you have already drawn. Of course, you're not going to try to swim fifty miles right away. What you are going to try to do, though, is to swim fifty lengths of your pool or fifty lengths of a span marked off on whatever body of water you are swimming in. Each of the fifty spaces on your chart will represent one length of the pool. If your marathon run is fifty feet long, it doesn't take much arithmetic to tell you that if you swim the length of it fifty times, you will have traveled 2,500 feet, or close to a half-mile.

**A**FTER you have your lanes and distance lines marked, get several large pins, one for each competitor. Attach to each pin, flag-like, a piece of heavy paper bearing the name or number of the swimmer. These pins, or "buoys," are used to designate the progress of the contestants.

Obviously, the object of the marathon is to see who will be the first to swim the distance agreed upon by the group, whether it is "fifty miles"—approximately a half-mile—or "twenty-five miles"—about a quarter of a mile. Naturally, you won't accomplish what you have set out to do at once, nor is it likely that the other contestants will swim "fifty miles" the first time they plunge in. But over a period of a few weeks you and your friends will find your prowess increasing, and your "buoys" moving steadily toward the goal.

You will probably want to appoint an official scorer whose duty will be to see that the "buoys" are in their proper places. Then, too, you may want to hold time trials after you have completed your "fifty" or "twenty-five miles." As she explained the plan as she uses it, Miss McGary remarked that pauses at either end of the pool for rests simply cannot be allowed. Imagine a channel swimmer stopping every few hundred yards to hang on to the stern of the boat!

Before actually starting the race it would be wise to arrive at some sort of classification for your swimmers. Of course, the ideal situation would be to have competitors of exactly the same ability, but you may find that two or three are a little better than the majority. These few may be assigned to special lanes, to make the race more interesting for the others.

"But what does anyone gain from all this?" you may ask. It's good fun, to begin with, and besides improving you physically, as was mentioned before, the marathon is almost certain to make you a better swimmer. In a nutshell it is an organized way



of having a lot of sport while practicing. Asked how a swimmer could best improve her ability, Miss McGary answered promptly: "By Practice, Practice, Practice, with a capital P. If you can swim two lengths of the run today, make up your mind to swim three tomorrow."

But what about the "short-winded" swimmer? When Miss McGary was asked that question, she appeared a bit surprised, and replied, "Why, a swimmer is short-winded simply because she does not practice."

That led to a discussion of breathing, which Miss McGary agreed was the hardest thing for swimmers to learn to do, "because people don't like to get their faces wet."

"But once the knack of inhaling through the mouth, above the surface, and exhaling through the nose, under water, is learned, a swimmer's breathing problem is practically solved," she said. "Correct breathing is important, though," she continued. "That is why, after nearly every lesson I give to girls' classes, I have them line up along the sides of the pool, and take ten deep breaths, exhaling through their noses with their faces under water."

The plan outlined in this article, let it be remembered, is a mere suggestion. There is nothing to stop you from changing whatever you please to make the marathon more interesting, or to suit your requirements. Use the plan as a model only, if you like.

Besides molding the body and helping the swimmer to a sense of achievement, long-distance swimming, if done properly, has a relaxing effect. This is because the swimmer forgets her worries. Miss McGary added that swimming always refreshed her even after an especially hard day of study or examinations at New York University.

**M**ISS McGARY suggested another important reason why a swimmer of ordinary or less than average ability should try to improve her technic. She believes that every girl who can swim at all owes an obligation to herself and other swimmers to make herself more competent in the water. That, broadly speaking, is the attitude of the Red Cross, an organization whose program for safety in the water is well known.

The chances are that after you have completed your indoor marathon, you will scarcely be able to wait until you can shove off into deep water. But not so fast. Remember that a good swimmer, or an athlete of any sort, always makes thorough preparation for a race or a meet. One of the most important things to think about, if you should decide to swim across your favorite lake, is to make sure you will be accompanied all the way by a boat manned by two persons.

An experienced distance swimmer never forgets the boat. And two persons are necessary: one is to watch constantly from the stern to see that you don't do a disappearing act. Even the best of swimmers get cramps. No one will think less of you for using a little common sense. All wise swimmers also keep in mind the common precautions against cramps—the chief one being not to swim too soon after eating. And it is also well to remember that it takes just as much ability to swim in four feet of water as in forty; and that good swimming comes from "Practice, Practice, Practice, with a capital P."

# DOROTHY writes HOME

Camp Algonquin  
July 25th

Dear Mother:

I'm terribly sorry my other letters haven't been long enough. But you can't imagine how much there is to do all day long. It's hectic, but I'm having the most gorgeous time of my life.

It's dark now and I've put my cute little Girl Scout Eveready, with the top off so that it sits up like a candle, right here beside me to see to write. While I think of it, you won't need to send any more Eveready Batteries. I'm still using the ones I had when I came to camp, and my light is as bright as ever.

Yesterday was Backward Day. Instead of blowing reveille in the morning, the bugler blew taps. Then we had our supper in the morning, and all the girls wore their middies and shorts backwards. It was the keenest fun. We had our campfire council in the morning, too, and did everything backwards all day long.

I think I told you that my cabin is "Leni-Lenape Lodge." The Leni-Lenapes were a tribe of the Algonquin Indians and used a turtle for their sign. So all of us girls in our cabin are weaving a huge rug to hang on the wall. In the center of it, we have a big, brown turtle. Ruth Hanna, the girl who likes to paint, designed it and the handicraft councilor says it will help us all to win badges.

There are so many badges to win, that the days and nights just fly. Nancy Page is helping me with diving and we're both practicing for signal badges. It's just heaps of fun. Every night, as soon as it gets a little dark, two of us paddle across the lake and two stay on the side the camp is on. We signal with our Eveready Flashlights—you know, with the dot-and-dash international code. Honestly, Mother, I've used that Girl Scout Eveready so much that I don't know what I'd have done without it. We had a Treasure Hunt one night, and an overnight hike last Friday. The camp supplies us with lights, but a good many of the girls have their own. And most of



WORE THEIR MIDDIES BACKWARDS

the councilors have Evereadys just like mine.

Daddy will laugh about the awful scare we had one night. It must have been hours after taps, because I was sleeping like a log. Suddenly, I heard somebody call my name in a hoarse whisper. When I finally got awake, I realized it was Jane Slater. She said she had heard some one walking.

It sent shivers up my spine, but I couldn't hear a thing except Nancy snoring. She's really not a terrible snorer, but we kid her about it and say she's like a buzz-saw. Ruth drew a picture of her with "Z's" coming up from her mouth like they do in the funny papers. It's a scream and Ruth said I could have it. I'll bring it with me when I come home.

Anyhow, I was just as scared as could be, even though I couldn't hear a thing. But when I was just dropping off into a doze, I did hear something rustle up near the roof of the cabin. Honestly, I was scared stiff. Somehow, I got my Eveready out and flashed it around the room, and guess what was up on the wall near the loft—a mama squirrel with a little-bitty baby in her mouth! She must have been scared from her nest and

A MAMA SQUIRREL WITH A LITTLE-BITTY BABY



was building a new one in our cabin-loft.

I don't know what else to say now. I'm as sunburned as the dickens, and my back is peeling something fierce.

\* \* \*

Dorothy



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## The Hoodooed Inn

(Continued from page 24)  
again from the very beginning! Do agree?" "I agree!"

Very soon afterward, that is, after they had gone up the hill and rescued Julia's sweater, Pan was in her room. Ten minutes later she was in bed and asleep. It was mid-morning before she woke up. After snatching a hasty breakfast, she left the house.

"What do you think you're doing, Pan Forrest, tearing up this archery green?" demanded Ran, some time later.

His sister rested a moment upon her spade.

"Can't I look for something somebody dropped in the grass?"

"Did anybody drop a bomb? I don't know what else you'd have to dig for!"

"Nobody dropped a bomb yet, but I wonder you haven't thought of it. When it comes to asking questions, Randolph Forrest, there are a few I'd like to ask *you!*"

"Fire away!" said her brother, though with rather an alarmed expression.

Pan lifted a menacing finger.

"Who changed our sign?"

Her brother rubbed his hair, as his face grew red.

"Well—Gerry left it out there, and I just happened to think how easy it would be to turn Waffle into Awfle with some black and green paint I had—and how nice it would be to make the Peterses wild—"

"And did you do the other things, too?"

"What other things?"

"Oh, that silly gravestone, and making the water run."



pened lately, there was a somewhat depressed look on her face. She was worried.

"Everytime I've had a hunch this summer," she remarked, "I've been dead wrong. I'm just a chronic dumbbell. Oh, look at that funny hole in the rocks!"

Ran's eyes followed her pointing finger. "Yes, I see it. There are lots of places like that along the ledge. You see, there's this soft layer of shale between the bluestone layers, and it's been worn through here and there by water."

"When this cedar was standing, its branches might have hidden it. I'd like to look."

She picked her way over the broken, rough ground at the outside of the archery green to the spot. The hole in the shale was a little larger than her head, and penetrated some distance into the cliff. She peered in, then gingerly thrust in her arm. For a few moments she groped,

then a peculiar expression came over her face. Carefully she withdrew her arm. She was holding something which gleamed out with a deep blue lustre from amid its rotting shroud of rags. Another of Ary's pitchers!

"Take it," she gasped to the boys. "It's not all!"

One by one she brought out another pitcher, two bowls, and a pair of blue salt cellars. They were in perfect condition except for a slight oxidation due to moisture. That was all, except the rags. There was no hoard of gold. If there ever had been any, Frony had taken it with her in her flight, leaving the glass. But Pan was perfectly satisfied.

"I'll telephone Julia right away to come out here," she declared, "so that she'll see what a little intelligent search can accomplish!"

"And maybe you'll explain to me in the meantime why you thought the glass would be there," Gerry begged.

"Why, Gerry, you gave me the clue!"

"Me?"

"Yes, you! If I sell this stuff for anywhere near what Mr. Lockwood paid for the bowl, I'll owe you the most enormous commission!"

Gerry looked puzzled, then gave it up—for the time.

"You called me the hoodoo of this place a while ago," he observed. "Do you take it back?"

"I certainly do!"

"Then," he declared, "that's commission enough for me!"

JULIA'S astonishment was all that Pan had hoped, but her delight equaled it, and Pan's opinion of this puzzling girl had to undergo another change.

"Now I'm going to confess!" declared Julia, with disarming candor. "I came out here the night we went to the movies to look for this glass myself! And made Avis come, too, though she didn't want to. Of course the rhyme gave me the idea, with its cedar tree hint, and I was sure I was right when the acrostic of the first letters worked backward almost spelt the name of the local family with the team. I didn't want you to

know we were looking because I was afraid you'd be disappointed if we didn't find anything. But I did so hope to on your account and my own—you see, I'd just broken one of father's best pieces, showing it to someone, and I wanted to make up by producing some wonderful Ryslers when he came home."

BUT how do you know they are Ryslers? All I know is that this Ary made them."

"Oh, my dear, that's all straightened out. I've consulted a genealogist, who's looked up the old Albany records and found that an Aaron Rysler married Sophronia Newkirk in the old Dutch Reformed Church there on December 19, 1810. Ary was the Dutch nickname for Aaron. He had his own factory there later. Now listen, ask father eighteen hundred for the six pieces, as long as Mr. Lockwood is paying three hundred apiece, and let him beat you down to fifteen hundred. Then he'll be tickled to pieces, and you'll be saved the trouble of sending them to Albany and perhaps having them broken."

Pan agreed. Julia must have understood her parent, for the scheme worked perfectly!

Mrs. Revell, whom our story has neglected so long, did at last begin to gain in strength under the new treatment, a gain that was helped by the news of a good offer for her office building. When she was well enough to be told of the events of the summer, her amazement knew no bounds.

"Those nice Peterses!" she mourned. "Who ever would have thought they'd be like that!"

"Never mind, Aunt Allie," said Pan. "Talk about going to summer schools! Waffle Inn has given me a complete course in human nature, and I'm certainly going to profit by it!"

### THE END

*What has happened so far in this story—*

Pan Forrest, Ran, her brother, and her aunt have just moved into an historic house in the Catskills when Mrs. Revell, the aunt, is hurt in an automobile accident. Mr. Forrest had left a few days before on an expedition to South America.

Mrs. Revell will have to remain in a sanatorium for several months so the two young Forrests are left with a large house. At the suggestion of Mrs. Peters, the new cook, the house is opened as Waffle Inn.

Pan finds the diary of Frony Newkirk, a girl bound out in 1809 to Peter Whispell, original owner of the property.

The first customers of the new inn are two girls, one of whom, Judy Cockburn, tries to buy from Pan an old blue bowl.

One evening a few days later when Avis Bruyn, the other of the new inn's first customers, and her mother stop at the inn, Jud Everts tells them he won't go near the archery green which Mrs. Peters has had laid out on the site of an old graveyard—that on old Peter Whispell's tombstone a skull and crossbones gleam!

Soon after that a dealer in antiques when at the inn offers Pan fifteen dollars for her blue bowl. She refuses, since she has promised Judy Cockburn not to sell it without letting her know. Pan hides the bowl.

The next day while in the village she

"Ran, you're a villain, but I'm not half so angry at you as I ought to be. Here comes your friend!"

It was noon by now, and Gerry Forsythe had come, in all probability, to look for his pin. But, after greeting them both, his eyes rested with astonishment on the havoc wrought by Pan with her spade.

"You didn't go to all this trouble on my account, did you?"

"When I look for a thing, I look for it," replied Pan enigmatically. "And—here it is." She handed him the gold emblem.

"Thanks a lot," he replied, dumbfounded. "But I thought it would be right on top of the grass."

She did not enlighten him as to this. In spite of all the cheering things that had hap-

meets Ran coming away from a news shop and looking very disturbed. He discourages her from buying a paper.

Ran has become friends with Gerry Forsythe whom Pan particularly dislikes. He is not at home when Pan decides to go to Albany with the Bruyns for an appraisal of her blue bowl—even though she has no bowl to show. It has disappeared. In Albany she learns that it was sold for three hundred dollars.

A few minutes before Pan goes to Albany, Mrs. Peters discharges her. Then ill luck tumbles down upon Pan: Julia Cockburn is furious upon hearing that Mr. Lockwood has the blue bowl; Mrs. Peters turns Pan out of her own room which, in her few hours' absence in Albany, she rents to a tourist; Pan is accused of theft by the tourist, and is locked in her room.

PAN escapes from the inn by imitating a method described by Frony in her diary. She carries with her a blue glass pitcher found between the walls of the inn but cracks it before showing it for purchase to Judy Cockburn. Her hope of helping her aunt and Ran is gone—until Judy's father who knows Mrs. Revell arranges with the sanatorium for her care. Pan spends the night with Judy but on the following evening her hostess mysteriously disappears leaving a note for Pan. Judy had spent many hours deciphering a Dutch rhyme found in Pan's blue pitcher. Pan leaves Judy's house with Ran's friend, Gerry Forsythe, to go back to the inn. She dislikes Gerry but must get home. By mistake she wears Judy's sweater.

On the way back Pan unexpectedly discovers that her father has been lost in the jungle and that that was what had been disturbing Ran. Weary and heartsick she seeks her brother at the inn without success.

Finally when about to spend the night outdoors rather than face Mrs. Peters, she finds Ran who had sought the old glass house ruins with the same plan.

They awake at dawn to the sound of wheels. A truck is bringing cases of bottles to the inn—the Peterses are turning it into a speakeasy.

Ran fights William in championship of Pan and the State Police finally rout the Peterses when they say they will report the bootlegging. Rowena defends Pan and remains after the Peterses leave to help the Forrests restore Dutch Doors to its former comfortable self. Ran was able to pay the Peterses off because he sold a model toy airplane to a manufacturer, Gerry's uncle.

Jud Everts after Miss Whispell's funeral tells Pan that Frony and Ary escaped the Whispells and went off to Albany where they were married—that Ary sent the message to Frony by Jud's uncle. It was in rhyme. Pan knows then that she had found the original message in the pitcher she showed Judy. But what of past history—all Pan and Ran want now is news of their father's safety, that would mean peace.



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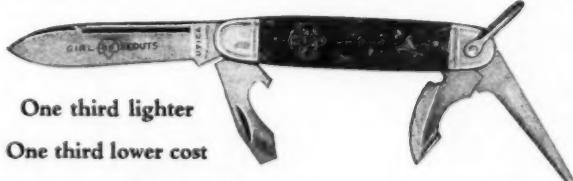
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## Elizabeth Goes to the Fair

(Continued from page 20)  
go first," said Elizabeth, always gallant.

But the woman looked up and shivered. "I'm afraid of high places," she said. "The baby and I will sit here on this bench. You can tell me what it's like."

"Breath-taking doesn't really mean dangerous," said the girl reassuringly.

SHE gave the baby a kiss, sped to get into line and continued to wave back cheerfully until she passed inside the tower.

But inside the tower meant another wait. The line was longer than she had thought and the crowd reminded her of the crowd in the station. She was jostled and rudely pushed about; her hat was knocked over the other eye. Someone knocked her purse from her arm. She glared at a flashily dressed man who apologized and faded into the mob. Then another long wait—a half hour or so. Would the woman tire of waiting? She could not go back and assure her now. Having got so far, she must get farther. Perhaps high in the air it would be cool. It was not until she reached the ticket window where the bewildering elevators shot up and down and she opened her purse for the entrance fee that she discovered her ten-dollar bill was gone. Of all her money, only two quarters remained!

Surprise, shame, resentment, blinding rage swept over her in succession.

"My pocket's been picked! How awful! I'm not only lost but robbed!"

Then she remembered the flashily dressed man who had apologized and vanished. Why hadn't she screamed and had him arrested? But it might not have been he. Pickpockets were so clever, it might have happened in dozens of ways. And here she was, practically penniless; scarcely enough for fare back to the station. And the woman and baby depending on her!

This thought was electrifying. She must get out of here—quick! With all the strength and agility that made her a basketball star, she shot through the crowd, ducked under the arm of the guard calling "No exit here!" and tore across the grounds toward the bench where she had left her friends.

Which one was it? Surely this was it. And it was filled—but by strangers.

With everything whirling before her she stumbled toward this bench, now that one, to the left, to the right until all sense of direction was gone. Surely the woman wouldn't have left her—she couldn't have! Yet the awful heat—it must have been dreadful for the baby. Then she rushed toward the roadway where the buses rumbled by in droves.

In one that passed right under her nose she spied her erstwhile companions. They had a window seat; she could see them plainly. The baby was smiling, the mother gloomy.

"Hi!" shouted Elizabeth and gave chase. A man in uniform pulled her back.

"Do you want to get killed?" he growled.

The bus was hopelessly gone.

Frightened, shaken, utterly unnerved, she wandered aimlessly, oblivious of the crowd. "And things like this can happen to a nice girl like me! What shall I do?"

Then she flung herself down on the first

empty bench to sob frankly and shamelessly.

"Excuse me," said a nice masculine voice. "Is there something I can do?"

Elizabeth looked up—and up—and up until she identified it with a very tall, very slim someone, hatless and coatless, with shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows. The shirt was blue, so were the eyes, and the general appearance was that of being all sunburnt and farmerish-looking.

"Horrors! A strange man!" she thought. Her first impulse was to run away. But where would she run to? Again she hid her face in her hands and sobbed.

"This is awful," said the voice. "There must be something I can do."

Timidly she peeked between her fingers to discover, to her great relief, that the stranger was just a boy rather near her own age—except that no human being could attain such height in fifteen years. He must be sixteen or seventeen. And he didn't look exactly objectionable.

I SUPPOSE I need a policeman," she sobbed. "Or maybe the Lost and Found."

"What have you lost?" he asked.

"First myself, then my friends, and now all my money. I've been robbed."

"Oh, I say! Tell me about it."

His eyes looked so kind and crinkly, his hair so nicely rumpled by the wind and everything about him so wholesome and genuine that she almost blurted out the whole story. Then she shook her head.

"If I hadn't talked with a stranger, I might never have come to this Fair. Something worse might happen if I talk with you. I'd better find the nearest policeman."

"That's easy," said the boy. "Come along. I'll help you."

But Elizabeth wasn't budging. She was dabbing at her eyes in a futile way and mournfully regarding her damaged face in the pocket mirror. An embarrassing pause ensued.

Then, "I'll bet you're hungry," said the boy. "Things always seem gloomiest then. I'm sort of lost from my family myself. And I'm starved. Come on; let's eat. We really must eat."

Eat? When had she eaten? Not since dawn. "B—but I'm afraid I can't afford to. I have only fifty cents in the world—and I'm thousands of miles from home." The threat of more tears. But the boy laughed them off.

"I've got money and I know a grand place that's cheap. After lunch we'll find

a policeman and if by that time you decide I'm a suspicious character you may have me arrested."

Elizabeth laughed in spite of herself. Hunger had pulled her to her feet and, in spite of her better judgment, she followed the nice-looking boy. Meanwhile her companion was chatting on in an impersonal, disarming way.

"Ever hear of Rutledge Tavern? It has the best eats on the grounds. It's one of the Lincoln group of buildings. Have you discovered them yet? One is a replica of the log cabin where Abe was born. Another is the Lincoln-Berry store where Abe sold calico and molasses and once walked five miles to repay a man whom he'd short-changed five cents. Rutledge Tavern is historical, too. The original was in New Salem, Illinois where Abe met Ann Rutledge and fell in love with her. You know the story, don't you?"

"I—I'm afraid I don't," gulped Elizabeth, her voice not yet quite normal.

"Well, Ann was the girl Abe should have married. When he first met her she was engaged to another man, who ditched her—that is, he went away and never came back; he'd lived under a false name. So Abe got in his innings and made her fall in love with him. But before they could be married she died."

"How dreadful!" said Elizabeth, almost forgetting her own troubles.

"Yes," said her self-appointed guide, "and Abe grieved for her until his friends were afraid he'd commit suicide."

"How did you ever learn all this?" asked the girl in amazement.

"I read it in Carl Sandburg's book."

DO you live in Illinois?" she asked.

"Yes, but not in Chicago. What state in the south are you from?"

"But how can you tell?"

"Your voice is a dead give-away. Shall we say from Virginia?"

"Getting warm," she smiled. Then, "Oh, dear, I'd so like to tell you why I'm here and what I'm up against, but it's awfully complicated. Besides, it's so unconventional, meeting each other like this and you taking me to lunch. I don't even speak to boys I don't know—that is, I never did before."

She spoke emphatically and looked very firm, summoning all her dignity.

"Aw, g'wan!" said her companion good-naturedly. "I wasn't born yesterday. I can spot a girl—exactly what sort she is, after one look and the opening sentence. Save your troubles for the policeman. I don't want to know anything about you. All I want is to eat."

"That's nice of you," said Elizabeth, sighing with relief. "I thought I knew human nature, too, until my pocket got picked. Life's awfully disillusioning."

But life seemed brighter after lunch.

"While I'm here"—she was frankly stalling for time with those last lumps of ice in her tea—"I'd like to see something of the Fair. Wouldn't four o'clock be time enough to turn



me over to the police? It's just two now." "If you'll promise not to have me arrested—"

"I reserve that privilege," she interrupted.

"I'm enjoying myself," said her companion. "I'm game. That gives us two hours. Well, what shall it be? Do you like to sight-see?"

"Not too seriously after eating."

"Then," said the boy, "you wouldn't care for the giant machine that turns off one automobile tire each ten minutes? Or the fragile one that shows why a drop of water is round? Or the magnifying glass which shows four years' growth of a green twig concentrated into seventy-five seconds?"

"But all those things sound so learned." Elizabeth made a wry face.

**T**HE funny part is they're not. They're thrilling. The point of this Fair is to show how things are done—motion, if you get what I mean. Not rows and rows of finished products on shelves or in booths, but processes."

They took a gay-colored launch across the lagoon to the Enchanted Island—and it looked enchanted with its bright-hued turrets and towers, plots of fields and trees.

"It's supposed to be a place for children," said the boy, "but grown-ups enjoy it, too. It has puppet shows, a tropical forest with rare birds and beasts, a magic mountain, a model farm with a talking cow—"

The next time she looked at her wrist watch—horrors! It was a quarter past four!

"We must go," she said. "I have less than two hours to make my train. Oh, I do hope policemen are reasonable about lending money to strangers!"

"I'd forgotten all about trains," said the boy. "I have to make one myself."

"When does yours go?" asked Elizabeth.

"At six-ten on the Rock Island. It's just a little jerk-water train that goes to my jerk-water town."

Elizabeth stopped stock still in her tracks. "What's your town called?" she asked.

## Longest Way 'Round

(Continued from page 15) its outer limit. A few more yards and then—the calm zone that threatened disaster! *Anti-Femina* was on the edge of that area. Ellen's hand on the tiller required a touch as delicate as a surgeon's. The yacht was entering the dead spot—a few moments would tell the tale.

For a second or more, the sails kept their belly. But as the boat's speed diminished, the canvas lost shape. At the helm, Ellen's eyes were glued on the sail. No one moved in the cockpit; the three hardly breathed. Balance was perfect, and the yacht still held some momentum. As if knowing the task in hand, the racing craft slipped cleanly through the quiet water. Only a few yards more to go now. But her headway was decreasing fast, was almost gone. Ten yards, eight, five—three—two—the strain was almost too much to bear.

Ellen's fingers gripped the tiller hard as *Anti-Femina's* sails filled and began to pull. Her face suddenly lighted. And the boys in the cockpit let out a triumphant shout that carried to the committee boat. Ellen had succeeded! She had reached the wind! And with sheets trimmed to a steady current of air, *Anti-Femina* raced for the finish.

"Oh, no one ever heard of it. It was named for some Indians."

"It doesn't happen to be where Tis killed Wa?" Elizabeth's breath came hard.

"Sure—but—why—what—Listen here, how'd you know about it?"

The girl tried hard for a poker face. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Of course not! I'm not ashamed of it. It's Stanton. I'm Fred Stanton, Jr. I'm proud of the Junior. I got it because I'm fifteen minutes older than my brother. But I say—what's so funny about that?" The girl was laughing uncontrollably.

"If you knew what I know you'd see the joke."

"But I say! All this sounds goofy. Who are you, anyway? This isn't fair!"

Elizabeth did her best to look stern. "I'm afraid you're just as dumb as everyone else I've met in Chicago. I shall have you arrested after all for not meeting me at the Union Station. Where is your father—and your twin?"

"By George!" he ejaculated. "You have got black eyes and black hair. But where's your red coat?"

"I checked it. Who'd wear it in this heat? Your father shouldn't have asked me to."

"I told him!" said Fred, Jr. sternly. "I told him so. But he's paid up, poor man. He and Bill are still probably consulting police and meeting trains from Baltimore. I got tired and came to the Fair. I promised to be back long ago. Instead of that, I took you to lunch."

"Always polite to strangers," quoted Elizabeth mockingly.

"Come on!" he cried. "If we hurry we can catch this bus."

He pulled her along like a rag doll and breathlessly they swung aboard.

As they rolled out of the gates Elizabeth turned her head and blew a farewell kiss to the Fair.

"Since I came here I feel as if I'd made a Century of Progress," she said.

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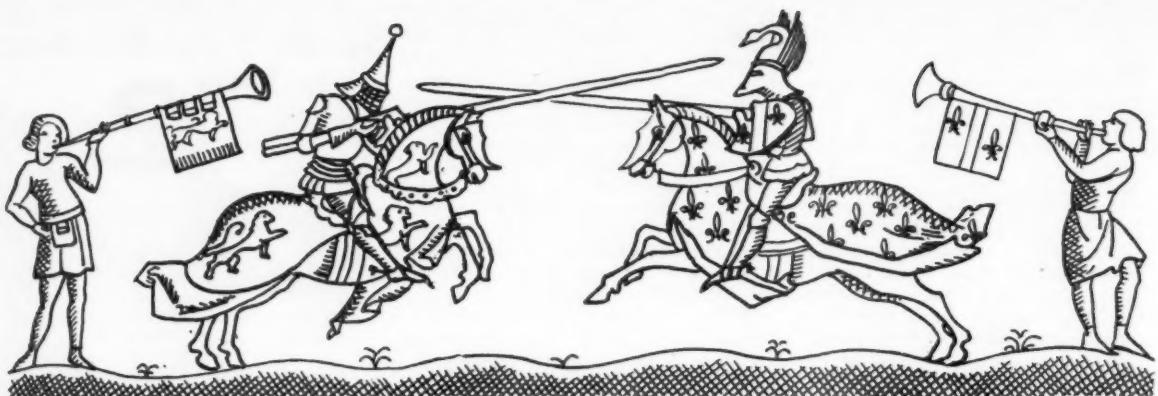
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## We Turn to Poetry

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

The haze of July and the smell of sweet clover—  
What could more surely conduce to content?  
April was restless and May thought it over,  
And June was a magic that quickly was spent.

But now we are done with the wistful, uncertain;  
Now we are shamed of our wavering faith.  
July has lifted the summer's bright curtain,  
And all our misgivings have fled like a wraith.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE, *The Secret Bird*. (Houghton Mifflin, 1930)

**W**e think Miss Rittenhouse in the above poem has been perhaps a bit unjust to April, May and June. We do like our April restless, or it isn't worthy of the name; if May "thought it over" as sunnily as during May, 1933, we should bask contentedly in the reflective life and ask nothing more; and the magic of June we find no less potent because it is "quickly spent". In respect to "summer's bright curtain", however, we entirely agree:

The haze of July and the smell of sweet clover—  
What could more surely conduce to content?

Nothing—although a poet of long ago assures us that a book of verses underneath the bough will add the perfect touch.

What verses? What kind of poetry?

In answering those large and potent questions, two recent books serve as guides. In the preface of one of them, the author asks, "Why write *about* poetry, when the poets themselves are there to speak?" Everything they have to say, they can very well say for themselves. . . . When we criticize poetry, when we analyze form and metre and imagery and words . . . we are sometimes reminded of the comment of Mutt to Jeff on hearing that water was two parts hydrogen to one part oxygen: "Good heavens, ain't there no water in it?"

In this particular book, *Discovering Poetry*

by Elizabeth Drew (W. W. Norton), far more is done, however, than criticizing poetry, or analyzing its forms and expressions. It answers the intangible demands many of us make in approaching a field we love and crave, but in which we do not feel entirely at home; so that, if the older ones among you read it, you will receive an impetus which will send you straight not only to the more recent books of poetry, but to those ageless poems which, in combination with the modern ones, make the pages of *Discovering Poetry* exceptionally rich and illuminating. Its title exactly expresses its aim. It helps us not only to discover but to rediscover poetry, both by the use of the many discriminating examples cited and by the informative comments which grow out of those examples.

This book will be appreciated and enjoyed only by the older or the more mature among you. There is another book for the younger ones, which has been written by the leader of the Poetry Group of the Cleveland Public Library, dealing not only with the discovering of poetry, but with what sometimes follows upon it. *Writing Poetry, Suggestions for Young Writers* by Marie Gilchrist (Houghton Mifflin) grew into a book from the wish expressed by a group of high school girls and boys who asked for a director for a poetry club. They wanted to write poetry. This book tells how the leader did her best to help them do so, how the group discussed the questions of language, imagery, rhythm, sound, and the rest. Famous poets are quoted to illustrate points, together with the response of the class—a good test for verse.

**W**HY write *about* poetry when the poets themselves are there to speak?" In some of the many fine anthologies we find a varied eloquence to which we listen eagerly. One of the most satisfying of these is *A Magic World* by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King (Appleton). At first glance, one might prefer *Poems for Enjoyment* by Elias Lieberman (Harper) because, according to the table of contents, each of the poems in *A Magic World* has a "lesson" connected with it, in the form of questions about the meaning of the poem, short comments on it,

and so on. Both anthologies are offered with a view to the understanding and enrichment of those not yet ready for the more exhaustive ones, and the selections, particularly in *A Magic World*, are especially thoughtful. The breezy appeal of *The Junior Poetry Cure* by Robert Haven Schauffler (Dodd, Mead), with its poems under headings such as "Sportsmanship Tonics for Gallant Losing", "The Big Medicine of Laughter", "Sunbaths to Fade the Blues", has been noted before in this department. There is also *The Gypsy Trail, an Anthology for Campers*, which is the happy result of the editors' conviction that lovers of the outdoors also love fine poetry. This particular group of anthologies would be incomplete without mention of an old friend, *The Girls' Book of Verse* by Mary Gould Davis (Stokes). Its title gives an indication of its purpose and it has remained for some time one of the most stimulating and best loved of guides.

**S**HORTER MODERN POEMS by David Morton (Harper) is presented without a special audience in mind. It makes selections, not from a wide range of poetry as do those just mentioned, but from the mass of American, Irish and English poetry written between 1900 and 1931. Here we have representative selections from poets such as Edwin Arlington Robinson, James Stephens, John Masefield. Only the shortest poems are used, and to receive in this way an adequate idea of the different poets' work, is an experience for which we owe a debt of gratitude to the editor. Imagine the job of selecting from among Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems, and our gain when *Afternoon on a Hill* is the choice. It begins, you remember:

I will be the gladdest thing  
Under the sun!  
I will touch a hundred flowers  
And not pick one.

There's Lizette Woodworth Reese's *A Girl's Mood*, which you may not know but a poem you may like to put in your poetry note book along with other such treasures.

And, by the way, here is a poet whom it well repays to know, as this lyric reveals:

I love a prayer-book;  
I love a thorn-tree  
That blows in the grass  
As white as can be.

I love an old house  
Set down in the sun,  
And the windy old roads  
That hereabout run.

I love thin, blue frocks;  
Green stones one and all;  
A sky full of stars,  
A rose at the fall.

A lover I love;  
Ah, had I but one,  
I would give him all these,  
Myself, and the sun!

Two volumes by Louis Untermeyer—*Modern American Poetry* and *American Poetry of Whitman* (Harcourt, Brace) are standard anthologies, wider in scope and more ambitious in plan than *Shorter Modern Poems*. The poets are introduced by short biographical and critical sketches, valuable for all of us who wish to know a poet's life as well as his work.

AFTER we have steeped ourselves in the anthology which best suits us, we are impelled to know more intimately those poets whose work there has most attracted us. Robert Frost would perhaps be one of the first. His *The Collected Poems of Robert Frost* (Henry Holt) is worth possessing. It is better to quote someone else in mentioning this fine poet because it is fatal to start discussing and quoting him—one never stops. There are so many Robert Frosts. There is the one who writes—

I've tried the new moon tip-tilted in  
the air,  
Above a hazy tree-and-farmhouse  
cluster—

that same Robert Frost, who, during the famous *Mending Wall*, lets us hear and watch the neighbors through such a line as—

He is all pine and I am all apple  
orchard—

There is the Robert Frost who writes a quatrain such as:

#### *Devotion*

The heart can think of no devotion  
Greater than being shore to ocean—  
Holding the curve of one position,  
Counting an endless repetition.

It might be an answer to Carl Sandburg's *Sea Wash*—one of those in his lovely *Early Moon* (Harcourt, Brace)—

The sea-wash never ends.  
The sea-wash repeats, repeats.  
Only old songs? Is that all the sea  
knows?  
Only the old strong songs?  
Is that all?  
The sea-wash repeats, repeats.

His poetry shows how Sandburg answers his question—leveled at us in his introduction—"What is poetry? Is the answer hidden somewhere? Is it one of those answers locked in a box and nobody has the key?"

Others whose answers you may unlock from that precious box are Sara Teasdale, whose *Stars Tonight* (Macmillan) may be familiar to you, and Eleanor Wylie, whose poems were issued in a new edition last

#### THE AMERICAN GIRL

winter—*Collected Poems of Eleanor Wylie* (Knopf). Eleanor Wylie can say, in noble aloofness—

Avoid the reeking herd,  
Shun the polluted flock,  
Live like that stoic bird,  
The eagle of the rock

And also, elsewhere—

I will not enter any cloud  
And close its quiet on my mind,  
And I must never be too proud,  
And always be too kind.

To *The Poems of Emily Dickinson* (Little, Brown) we turn thirstily again and again. One feels about her as she herself says:

A word is dead  
When it is said,  
Some say.  
I say it just  
Begins to live  
That day.

As we all know, her way of saying her own words not only made them "begin to live", but gave them life everlasting. Almost any of the books of Edna St. Vincent Millay completes that trio of whom a girl admirer once moaned,

Edna, Emily, Eleanor—  
Which of you do I most adore?

Among the less familiar modern books of poetry, *Afternoons in Eden* by Amanda Benjamin Hall (Bruce Humphries) is a new friend notable for versatility and apt characterization. There are two fine ballads in this book, and throughout many of the poems there is a narrative feeling. *The Forest That Loved Children* makes us think of Hansel and Gretel. Also for lovers of poetic narrative, *Points East, Narratives of New England* by Rachel Field (Macmillan) must not be neglected. It is a re-issue, and has been reviewed once before. *Wind in the Grass* by Christy Mackaye (Harper) is pervaded by a live and aspiring spirit. Its feeling might be said to be expressed in Miss Mackaye's poem *Gift*:

All the beauty of the earth  
Is given to us to give it birth.  
Impassivity of stone,  
Laughter of the trees, our own  
Wonder at our wondering,  
And growth beneath the skies of time.

The low skies black with thundering,  
The weary skies so hard to climb—  
When dark's colossal work is done,  
Raise up the lovely strength of sun.

In *Any Spring* by Dorothy Aldis (Minton Balch), we feel a keen appreciation of the lovely things of nature, also the tenderness of the poems and their tenderness are notable. There is, for example, *Evening*:

The apple trees  
Seem like guests in the garden,  
Longing only for the right moment  
To lift their white skirts  
And walk down the road and leave me.

*Young Man, Beware!* by Elspeth (Houghton, Mifflin) is biting and tonic poetry, sometimes cynical, often witty.

I hope the anthologies will send you scouting for the lighter touch among the poets. There is a new book of light verse which will give you many a good laugh. It is *Kings and Queens* by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon (Dutton). The author of our beloved *Martin Pippin of the Apple Orchard* and *The Fair of St. James* here shows that, with her collaborator, she has as good a sense of fun as of phantasy and folk-song.



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**Listen!—get hungry**



## I Couldn't Help It

(Continued from page 11)

many miles away but Trinidad loomed large and rugged and in the distance to the southwest was the gray ghostlike outline of Venezuela and its majestic mountains and I knew that not far to the east was British Guiana, my El Dorado.

Here my real job and test would begin. It would be very different from shipboard where everything was quite simple. During our days at sea, Mrs. Mitchell and I had a chance to become acquainted while we worked and played together. We read and studied everything we had brought on British Guiana and tropical life and together we reviewed the general principles and ground work of zoölogy. It was good fun sharing what I knew, but I realized that the real work was just beginning, because my knowledge of tropical jungles and their inhabitants was limited to books and the experiences of others—quite different from personally stepping on an anaconda.

More and more apprehensive thoughts raced through my mind about my ability to make good, not only to my companion but to those who chose me for this wonderful trip. Suddenly I thought that it was probably the long distance from home and my responsibilities that frightened me more than anything else. I had been doing this kind of thing for my own pleasure all my life. Why should I suddenly fail just because I found myself in a new geographical spot on the globe? This idea helped, but still my thoughts raced on.

I knew that my love for animals and nature was strong when I flew home with the stork. Soon after this happy landing I developed a passion for anything alive to play with and to watch—which passion has never entirely left me. This was followed by a period of curiosity—hectic for my family—to see what the animals were made of and how they worked. Happily, I had a wilderness of streams and hills in which to roam and hunt and watch and wonder. I remembered that in school and college my natural choice of studies and training had been biology and zoölogy and all their related subjects. In particular, I recalled the years when I experimented with the breeding and raising of several flocks of fine poultry which, after two summers, I prepared and exhibited and won many prizes at leading exhibitions. There were many other events that streamed through my mind, especially the months when I hunted, and shot my first wildcat and elk in the Rocky Mountains; riding and tramping sometimes fifty miles a day and at night sleeping out under the stars.

AFTER I had finished college, there was an opportunity to play and work and camp with a group of younger girls who qualified as a Girl Scout troop. Along with the regular training many hours were spent enjoying some phase of nature study.

Then my thoughts turned from this review of the past to a more general search in answer to my apprehensions. I knew that the study of science might lead to strange places, and it might take years of intensive study and training before it arrived anywhere and presented a monetary return—if ever. But what special quality did the scientific leaders of today possess that car-

ried them along? Was it strong curiosity, courage and enthusiasm for science? With these qualities, possible deprivations and physical hardships should become part of the game and should be overshadowed by

and surrounded with laurel and palm seeds, many of which had sprouted into pale palmlings. Even the floor of the stream was ankle deep with the same kind of kernels which varied from a fresh green germinating condition to that of a hard black shrunken mass a century old. After carefully dislodging one of the nests and collecting the eggs and a variety of samples of seed kernels we proceeded deeper into the gorge to try to discover the birds. It proved to be a rather adventurous experience.

It was impossible to walk erect because the bed of the river was smooth and worn, and covered with slippery slime and rolling seeds. Our first serious obstacle was a drop of about twelve feet with jagged projecting rocks and a black pool below. Here the ladder became an absolute necessity. Just as we gained footing in the rapids beyond the pool a volume of harsh, rasping cries echoed up the meandering canyon. Our Indian boy shouted excitedly, "dey der, dey der," and in his enthusiasm dropped our ladder! Without progress was slow and we encountered, painfully, a succession of sheer drops and jagged falls. Caution made us be more careful than one usually is.

All the while, harsh, castanet-like cries became louder and a sudden whirr overhead was followed by an angry *keek*. The Guacharo birds had heard unnatural sounds! We finally reached a place where there were many nests high up in the walls, each one either occupied or closely guarded by a crow-sized brown bird. The plumage colors of chocolate and gray, barred and penciled with dark brown, spotted in places with white, were a perfect protection blending with the obscure background of its home. A sudden movement near the edge of the water attracted my attention and with a shout I clapped my net over a lively, young, half-feathered Guacharo bird. This little fellow was presented to the New York Zoölogical Society, and lived in the Zoölogical Park. He was the first member of his family ever to be exhibited in captivity. Unfortunately, however, he died only two weeks after his arrival in this country.

THE singularity of structure of the Guacharo bird, its curious habits, and its peculiar economic value have attracted a great deal of attention from zoölogists. At several weeks of age, the young birds are covered with layers of fat and at this time the natives take the birds and boil out the fat, or oil, and use it instead of butter. It is said to keep one year without turning rancid. The Guacharo, or Oilbird, is a separate family, *Steatornithidae*, in the large group of Nighthawks and Whippoorwills. It is a primitive type standing midway between the Owls, Nighthawks, and Whippoorwills and the only known representative of its family.

In Georgetown, British Guiana, we found as our first discovery that a prolonged drought of eleven months had caused an alarming shortage of water. Just before our arrival His Excellency the Governor had passed a law forbidding the indulgence in fresh-water tub and shower baths with a twenty-five dollar fine for the guilty. For Mrs. Mitchell and myself this was a sudden hardship after the luxury on the *Matura* of a choice of four kinds of baths—"hot



the joy of the pursuit of science for its own sake—a reward sufficient in itself.

Suddenly I heard Mrs. Mitchell speaking to me and then I realized that my thoughts had wandered far. She was asking me why I had chosen science as my profession, and almost without thought I replied, "I couldn't help it."

IMMEDIATELY after anchoring in the crescent harbor of Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, we obtained several guides and the use of an automobile and set out for a little known gorge in the heart of the highest range of the uninhabited Arima Mountains. A geologist had told me casually about unusual birds he had seen while tracing, for the government, the course of the Arima River. To explore the Arima Gorge and to obtain some first-hand facts and observations about these birds was our objective during our short stay in Trinidad.

After traveling about twenty-five miles, climbing by gradual grades and gentle curves and crossing and recrossing deep gullies, luxuriant with enormous tree ferns, we arrived at the end of the road. From here our Indian boy guided us afoot down the mountainside for about a mile, then, half sliding, we descended an almost perpendicular drop of about seventy-five feet to the bed of the Arima River. We found that the river had cut a gorge seventy-five to one hundred feet deep and less than eight feet wide through the soft schist that forms so much of the northern range of mountains.

Clad in bathing suits and armed with torch lights, knapsacks, nets, cameras, notebooks, and a crude ladder we entered with the restless water the narrow entrance of this gorge. Suddenly, our senses experienced a strange world; the pressure of the rushing river, its echo through the narrow walls of the gorge, dampness and dank odors with a semi-gloom enveloping all. I climbed with the aid of the ladder and torch light to a ledge in the slimy perpendicular wall not far within the entrance. Here I discovered nine low nests about fifteen inches across and two lustrous white eggs, but no birds or nestlings. The nests were littered

salt clean, hot salt dirty, cold salt clean, cold salt dirty"—a group we had tried.

Sam, who had been Dr. Beebe's trusted black boy on many expeditions and who was our head guide, lost no time in helping to plan and outfit for our travels in the interior. In the jungle, remembering the warnings of fearing friends, we expected to see and feel every drooping branch and liana vine entwine itself about us and crush us to death. It was a great disappointment that only once during our whole stay, near the shore of Kartabo overlooking the junction of the Mazaruni and Cuyuni Rivers, I started from its slumbers a twenty-foot anaconda which slithered away so rapidly that I could not note its full color pattern. This, and two very small snakes, were the only ones I saw, and I know now that my childhood hills, only thirty miles from New York City, are more dangerous and sporting for the poisonous-snake enthusiast.

Although our time was cut short by the drought and serious forest fires, we traveled far on jungle rivers and Indian trails, observing, studying, photographing, and collecting. Among the many specimens we ac-

quired were hundreds of tiny moths caught around our night light. These creatures, like Cinderella, had for years passed unnoticed or unwanted because of their diminutive size. We found that each one was beautifully stenciled and colored and many were new to the human eye. Once a bewildered bird, hypnotized by the light, crashed against the tree support and fell to the ground stunned. This Carolina Rail was strange to Sam and our Indians, and was the only one we saw. Later we found that our note was a new record for the southern range of the Carolina Rail.

We bartered with the Indians who shunned a ten-dollar bill for a new penny and exchanged beadwork and baskets for bright trinkets. Gradually, we gathered many splendid live birds and animals which Mrs. Mitchell and I presented to the New York Zoological Society. But all these facts become just facts when compared with my first adventure at Government House, my first meeting with a full-blooded Indian, my first glimpse of a living blue Morpho, the first roar of a Howling Monkey, and my first night in the Jungle.

## Small Creatures of the Woods—

(Continued from page 29)  
spring berths with roomy lockers underneath. On one side is the stove which, when not in use, is covered with a mahogany lid. Under this a locker holds kitchen ware and pots.

Opposite there is a clothes closet with room on the floor for shoes. On the right wall is the sink, above it the dishrack, underneath a good ice box. The cabin has four daintily curtained windows and electric lights conveniently arranged so that one may read in one's berth. The cockpit, half the length of the boat, has leather-cushioned seats around the sides and back, and a little afterdeck for fishing. The side seats are extension ones, fine berths for outdoor sleeping." There's much more, too, in this Port Washington, Long Island scribe's delightful account. It tells of sea ways and sea pleasures coupled with land crafts that while away life in port—a great life either way.

### The Juliette Low Memorial Awards, 1933

And now for news which you have been waiting for since this time last year. Here is the list of those four lucky Girl Scouts whom the National Board of Directors has approved after their selection by the International Committee to receive the Juliette Low Memorial Awards for 1933:

Region Two—Adelaide Van Vliet of Goshen, New York, who is a Golden Eaglet; Region Four—Virginia Powell of Bowling Green, Ohio, who is also a Golden Eaglet; Region Six—Elizabeth Yates of Greensboro, North Carolina, who has just become a Golden Eaglet; and Region Eight—Lenna Thomas of Webster Groves, Missouri, another Golden Eaglet.

Miss Elaine Clark of Rochester, New York, who was captain-in-charge of the American Juliette Low girls last year, will go over with the girls again this summer. They will attend a two weeks' special encampment at Our Chalet, at Eggetti, Adelboden, Switzerland, in August. The Inter-

national Committee of the Girl Scouts has also invited two Guides each from Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Poland, Sweden, Switzerland, and one from Ireland, making a total of seventeen girls in all. The Americans will sail on July twenty-eighth on the S. S. *Westernland*, and before their two weeks' encampment at Our Chalet will visit Foxlease, the English Girl Guide Camp, London, Paris, and Berne, returning on the S. S. *Manhattan* from Havre on August thirty-first.

### The Handicraft Contest

The National Committee of Awards has decided the following in regard to THE AMERICAN GIRL Handicraft Contest: all entries are to be sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, in care of the National Committee of Awards. It is recommended that the bound volume be wrapped in corrugated paper and mailed by parcel post. Remember, please, that all entries must be received by midnight on July fifteenth. Get your project ready now!

### The Playwrighting Contest

On page forty-four of this issue you will see a reminder that the Playwrighting Contest is now on. If you are eighteen years of age or under you are eligible to try for the very nice prizes: a Remington Portable Typewriter, an overnight bag, a book of one-act plays. The contest closes at midnight August first.

*Editor's Note:* During the summer months we shall concentrate on camp news: water and land sports, handicrafts and camp arts. For August and September we should like to publish news of what has been happening among campers during the current season. Won't you keep your camera eye alert for good snapshots and your descriptive pen ready for graphic and timely notes for these Scribe columns? The more material we have the better our opportunity to choose the most interesting accounts for these pages.



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## I Am A Girl Who—

(Continued from page 16)

asked me something about my work, though we usually didn't bother talking about school. I felt guilty, and no doubt looked it, wondering if she had noticed how my grades had fallen.

**O**H, I can't study," I blurted out. "That is, I take so long to get at it that I never get through it." Sister and I had always done our studying together and I had never had any trouble then.

"How would you like to come home with me and do your studying while I correct papers, and when we're through there may be time for hot chocolate and cookies?" Miss Preston asked.

Would I! After that I went home with her day after day. And how I studied, so I'd be through as soon as she and ready for the visit we'd have over our chocolate or lemonade or sometimes a batch of fudge we'd make on her chafing dish. Sometimes we'd read together instead—lovely things that she'd pick out. One day, after something I'd said that came to me over a poem we had just read together, she exclaimed, "That's a good thought. Why don't you put it into a poem or composition of your own for English class? I'm sure you can."

Well, I did, and put the best work I'd ever done into it. The next thing I knew Miss Preston was reading it aloud in class. True my face went afire, but still I was proud and glad. Later, in the lunch room, Clare Foster joined me, asking, "Was that your essay Miss Preston read in class?" I nodded.

"You ought to decide to be a writer," she said. This from Clare, who was a star student herself, gave me a thrill. "I'm going to be a writer myself, I hope," she went on. "Do you ever write verse?" she asked me. I hadn't, but was eager to try, and I tried hard.

That afternoon Clare asked me to go home with her after school. I couldn't politely refuse, though I wanted to go as usual with Miss Preston. She was nowhere to be seen, however. Clare and I liked so many of the same things that we easily liked each other as well. We began to go home together, sometimes to her house, sometimes to mine, and did our studying together, and afterward other things that we enjoyed doing. Miss Preston always seemed to have after-school conferences to attend, or else had to hurry away to some engagement, so I saw her only briefly outside of class, though she was always as sweet and interested as before. But I was soon all wrapped up in Clare, and wanting to be with her constantly.

Then at midyear Clare was sent away to boarding school. I thought my heart was broken, and again I lost all interest in everything and went around in a worse fog and funk than ever. I'm telling it frankly, since now I can see how silly it all was. Then one evening I was asked to a bridge and backgammon party—I was a last-minute fill-in, I'm sure, but I went, indifferently enough. There I had, as it happened, an

almost continuous partner in Bert Badger, whom I had never known before except by name, since he had just recently come to our school. When the party broke up, he just naturally took me home and we became friendly. He was the kind you couldn't help liking. I asked him to come again, and he did—the very next night. I think he was curious, perhaps, about my general indifference.

From then on we became regular partners. We were invited places together, went to dances together, played tennis together. I don't know that he ever exactly intended it so; he just found himself in it without trying. But very soon I intended it so with all my heart. I was having the best time I'd ever had in all my life. I was terribly fond of Bert, but with that fondness came a great fear of losing him. He was so happy-go-lucky, so nice to *all* the girls, and so much in demand that I could never feel sure of him. I used to try to get him to say, or show in some unmistakable way, that he really liked me better than any of the other girls, but somehow he always avoided doing it. Now I know that's the world's worst way of handling a male. But

companionship of Bert Badger. Then, just as school was out for the summer, my cousin Fran came to visit at our house for the vacation. We hadn't seen each other for years, though we wrote now and then. I knew she was the center of things in her town—in her school glee club and dramatic club and on the hockey team. But I had no feeling about her visit at all. "She'll have to make her own good time," I said to myself before she came.

But when she came she was so lively she took me right out of myself. Before many days she was reading me letters from her friends at home telling about tennis tournaments and tea dances they were having. I bestirred myself, as a hostess should. And mother suggested, "Why not have a bridge luncheon to introduce Frances to your friends?"

I agreed, but at once I found myself with all the responsibility of it on my own hands. Mother was forever carrying Fran off shopping or gardening or what-not, just when I'd have liked some ideas and help from her. "It will be all the more fun for Fran if your party plans are a surprise to her as well as to the others," said mother blithely. "Come on, Fran, you're mine today."

At first I was frantic, with not an idea in my head, but soon I decided, doggedly, to "show them." There was one thing I could do—I could write jingles. So I wrote the invitations in verse, made up a menu and put that into verse, and finally a "matching for partners" arrangement in verse. That loosened up my mind and sharpened my interest in the whole thing, so that decorations, favors, and all such trimmings came easy. And since everything belonged in the same scheme, I couldn't let anyone help me. I had to work it all out myself. It was the only solution.

But I'm not boasting a bit when I say that party made the biggest hit of my life. I'd never felt so set up in my life as when Fred Mabie, that superior soul, said to me, "Janet Reed, why have you been hiding your light under a bushel all these years?" And Fran, after it was over, squeezed the breath out of me, saying, "Darling, we've never had such a clever party at home. I want to borrow all the verses and use them. But I'll tell everybody they're yours and when you return my visit you'll already be a sparkling star to them all."

But best of all, Bert himself, who was at the party, said to me privately, on leaving, "You sure do shine as a hostess, Jannie." Then he told me he had changed his plans and was coming back to school, and hoped we'd have good times together.

But much as that flattered and pleased me I felt freer and happier than I ever had before, and all because I had learned what fun it is to stand on my own feet. All my life I had been leaning on someone or other. I didn't need to, and the knowledge was cake and ice cream to me. For when you once get the taste of doing things on your own you can't be coaxed to depend on anyone—take it from one who knows.



### Is Your Play Nearly Ready?

HAVE it in the mail by midnight August first. The address is: THE AMERICAN GIRL Playwrighting Contest, THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.

For further details on this contest see page thirty-one, June 1933, THE AMERICAN GIRL.

then I neglected everything and everybody else and worked myself into a perfect fever with trying to hold Bert. The result was that he dropped me. He was polite about it, but the fact remained that I stopped seeing him. He was leaving school to help his father at his warehouse for the rest of the year, tutoring in the evenings, and he said he wouldn't have time for running around, and then he was going away to school next year. I accepted this explanation coolly—what was there else to do?—but I felt absolutely sunk.

So there I was again, dropping out of the crowd, the dances, the picnics and all, making myself miserable over losing the

# Come and Trip It as You Go!

By JANET E. TOBITT



ONE DOES NOT HAVE TO PRANCE

**COUNTRY** Dancing, as they used to do it in Merrie England, is a jolly way of "warming up" people at a party, and it is great fun at troop meetings on a cold winter's night. This is folk-dancing, of course, and everybody can take part in it. It doesn't matter whether you know how to dance or not, whether you're awkward or graceful, but only that the spirit and desire for dance and frolic should be in you. No matter how shy you may be, you'll forget self-consciousness in a "Longways for as Many as Will," or in the thrill of trying to come out right in a "Circular Hey" (a Grand Right and Left). It's the teamwork that counts, not the pirouetting of individuals. You must keep in mind the pattern you and the other dancers are making; the music and steps blend, and it is the joy of the design, aimed at by all, that makes Country Dancing such a truly Girl-Scout-like way of having fun.

The Girl Guides of England are enthusiastic Country Dancers, and no fete or pageant seems complete without one dance, at least. English Country Dancing was in danger of becoming a lost art, until Cecil Sharp and other men of foresight set out to collect tunes and do research work on the ancient dance-figures. Many of the titles are delightful. What quaint pictures one may visualise at these names, "Jenny Pluck Pears," and "The Maid Peeped Out of the Window," or "Picking Up Sticks," or "Haste to the Wedding." If any of you are visiting England, and are planning to go at the height of the flower season to a village in Cornwall called Helston, you will be lucky enough to see a street-performance which follows an age-old custom. Led by the fiddler, all the villagers come out of their houses, one after the other, and join hilariously in a progressive dance known as "The Helston Furry." Old and young, fat and thin, all join in the frolic. It is this

kind of community spirit which makes Country Dancing a true thing which survives through the centuries.

In English Country Dancing, the steps themselves are easy and, for the most part, they consist of walking, running, or skipping in the natural way. One does not have to prance, or throw one's feet out in front, or up behind in any "bucking" movement; the weight is borne naturally and easily. Imagine a line running from the centre of the head to the ball of the foot—that is your central pivot; the idea is to make your spring up and down and not take long strides. The tunes are so fascinating, they make you long to dance; and if there is no pianist or violinist at hand, there are excellent records of Country Dance music obtainable. Or, better still, English Guides often dance to Shepherds' Pipes, simple instruments costing but a few cents, which they make for themselves out of bamboo.

Country Dancing is perhaps a misleading title, suggesting, as it does, the fragrance of new-mown hay, and the frolics of shepherds and country-folk. It has been suggested that the term is really a corruption of the French "contre-danse," which indicates dancing "opposite," rather than "with" one's partner. This, however, matters little; whether in country or in town, whether at troop meeting or in camp, or at any party, Country Dancing is fun. A mistake here and there is immaterial, so long as the spirit of jollity is present. You don't have to dress up, or go to a lot of fuss or expense. A non-slippery floor, a dress allowing freedom of motion, the will to make your fellow-dancers do well and look well—these are the only requirements.

*Editor's Note: The English Country Dance, Graded Series by Cecil J. Sharp (American agents, H. W. Gray Company, New York \$1.50) furnishes tunes and instructions for six charming dances to try yourselves.*

THE STEPS THEMSELVES ARE EASY



## Your Turn

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## The Log of the *Altair*

(Continued from page 9)

tumble had laid open. There was a paper in there—quite an old paper. But don't think it was a will or anything which immediately made one of us a millionaire, like the things you read about in these mystery stories; because it wasn't at all. Mr. Lucas unfolded it carefully and we all looked.

"It seems to be a deed," he said. "A deed dated 1802—from John Stanhope to Silas Newell, for sixty-five acres of good land, bounded thus and so, in the Township of Quanshogue or Little Peace, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

"What a nice, funny name!" Dinky said. "Little Peace! I suppose the deed's no good, now, it's so old."

"Well," Mr. Lucas said, "it may be important still, to somebody. Unless you can give a good deed, you know, it's often impossible to sell property. There may have been a later deed for this land, but if this should be the only one, somebody might be wanting it very much."

"Where did you get the desk?" Dinky asked.

"Picked it up from a farmer hereabouts," Mr. Lucas said. "A man who didn't know what it was worth. Barnes, his name was—not Newell."

"Perhaps his great-grandfather put it in there," I suggested, "and he doesn't know he owns a lot of rich land that's really his."

"Hardly," Peter Lucas said. "Taxes have to be paid on land, or the town takes it."

You see, that's the trouble with knowing too much law; it spoils all the fun—it was the Duckling who reminded us that we hadn't set out originally to investigate deeds. He bobbed up beside us, saying, "Aren't we going shopping in my 'spress' wagon?" This brought us to earth, and we tore ourselves away.

But as soon as we got into the general store and began filling our bags and the wagon, all the excitement over the cruise rushed back. When we painted up in front of the bungalow, Marge was just striking one bell in the first dogwatch, which is 4:30 and time for swimming. Bos'n was getting all screwed up to pipe "all hands," when Possum yelled out in a rollicking voice:

"Well, what have you been doing with that soap—blowing bubbles?" We produced, besides the soap, the ship in the bottle, which silenced everybody's snippy comments and brought Skipper out to have a look. She thought at first we shouldn't have taken it, but then when she heard that he'd made it himself and that it wasn't an antique one, she said:

"Well—Peter Lucas always did think of nice things to do. I see he hasn't changed."

Meanwhile the Duckling was climbing up her, saying, "I fell off a desk and bumped open a hole!"

So we had to stop and tell everybody about the secret drawer and the deed. But on the whole, none of us really considered the old paper would affect our plans.

Next morning bright and early

we all went out to the *Altair*. We were fervently hoping to sail that afternoon on the turn of tide. While Dinky and I had been doing our shopping, other people had been to the bigger stores at Long Beach, so now each of our little boats was full of supplies. Cap'n Battle rigged a sort of sling out of ropes and canvas, and we hoisted the stuff aboard. After the beans and soup and bacon and flour and cocoa and sugar and soap, and the duffles of bedding, were all aboard, Scotch and I were sent ashore to see if anything had been forgotten. All the cots in the bungalow were stripped, and most people had gathered their own little things into heaps ready to shove into their ditty-boxes at the last minute. All the supplies had been cleared out of the kitchen. We took a last look around, and were making for our bathing suits—for there was to be swimming before the last lunch ashore—when we saw a figure walking slowly along the seawall from the direction of the village. It was Peter Lucas, and he hailed us as if he had known us for a long time.

"Hello," I said. "Don't you want to see how nice your bottled ship looks over the fireplace?"

I'M glad," he said, "but that's not why I came. I thought you might be interested to hear that I've been to see Mr. Barnes—from whom I picked up the secretary—and he says he doesn't even know where Quanshogue is, and that his father bought the desk. It's not an heirloom."

"So that's that," I said, wondering why he'd bothered to tell us.

"I don't think it is," Mr. Lucas said. "I'm not comfortable, feeling that someone may be needing the thing. What I came to ask is whether you have a map? You must have; making maps is a Girl Scout specialty, isn't it? I want to find out where Quanshogue is."

"All the charts are in here," Scotch told him, "unless Skipper has taken them out to the *Altair* by now."

"They're coming back, anyway," I said, for as I looked out the window I could see the little fleet bobbing in, with white sails dotted over the blueness between us and the schooner. When Skipper came in

we were sitting around the table with our six elbows on the chart that shows the edge of the coast quite a way inland. Peter Lucas got up, and Skipper shook hands with him and said, "Hello, Peter. It's good to see you again. How's the antique business?" and he said, "Rotten, I thank you, Jean,"—which is Skipper's name, but sounded funny—and then she thanked him for the ship in the bottle.

Em polished her spectacles and began peering closely at the chart, which we'd given up because no Quanshogue was to be found. She is very methodical, and loves to pore over catalogues. She was reading all the tiniest names on the chart, that I suppose we'd missed, and she said, "Isn't that too quaint? Little Peace Corners!"

Peter Lucas and Dink and I all cried together, "But that's it! That's the other name for Quanshogue! Where?"

She showed us. It was just inside the coast line, in very small letters.

"Of course it may be a different one," Peter Lucas said.

"Do you want us to stop by if we're down that way?" Skipper asked. "I expect we'll be as far down as that before we get through."

"Good enough!" Peter said. "I suppose there's no great rush, after a hundred years or so. But if you're right there, you might try to find out if there are any Newells, or any lost land. The town clerk should know. Rather vague—but here's the deed."

"You'd better come along with us, Peter," Skipper grinned, "and investigate for yourself. Come along—and keep poor Dick company." Dick is Skipper's husband.

Peter looked very wistful, and I thought at first he was going to say he would; then he sighed and said he'd stay home.

DICK, Skipper's aforesaid husband, ferried us out in the *Altair*'s tender when we all went aboard after lunch, leaving our own boats at their moorings. Dick is very shy and not especially seagoing; I think he didn't particularly look forward to the cruise. The ferrying took several trips, but at last we were all aboard. We hardly stowed our duffle in the fo'c'sle, when we could hear Bos'n piping "All hands," fit to burst, and we tumbled up in a hurry. "All hands to make sail!" the first mate was yelling. We all stood looking rather helplessly at the big booms with the sails furled along them.

"Looks a sight bigger than my dear little boat Number Two," murmured Dink, and Peanut said, "Somehow I don't know where to begin." She isn't any bigger than a peanut, and she did look sort of inadequate beside the *Altair*'s mainmast. Cap'n Battle, who was working the little engine at the foot of the mast, said, "Don't be a-skeered. Jest git the gaskets off."

Skipper was at the wheel, grinning. We untied the gaskets that hold a furled sail to its boom, and then the winch began to work and up went the mainsail, shaking and (Continued on page 48)



## The Jig-saw Fad

(Continued from page 25)

picture and generously to the plywood, and allowed to stand for a minute or two, until the cement feels "tacky." The picture is then placed in position, starting at the top and gradually smoothing it down with a piece of cheesecloth held in the hand.

Now comes the fun of cutting! The value of a jig-saw puzzle is based upon the number of pieces, the quality of the materials, and the workmanship. Usually the more pieces there are, the more expensive the puzzle.

There are two types of puzzles that are especially popular. In one type the craftsman starts out with key pieces cut in the form of birds, fishes, trees, the letters of the alphabet, and so on. These are first traced here and there on the picture and cut out, then the other cuts are made to fit in and around these key pieces, or figures. It would be most interesting to work out a set of key pieces, or figures, from Girl Scout emblems and have a typical Girl Scout puzzle pattern.

Another style is the interlocking puzzle, in which the pieces are cut in intricate circular twists and turns that fit so snugly that they hold the puzzle together once it is assembled.

So, you see, cutting a jig-saw puzzle brings into play your ingenuity and creative ability.

For the convenience of young puzzle enthusiasts, special puzzle outfits for beginners are sold for much less than the separate items would cost. One of these sets includes an easy-to-handle scroll saw with a twelve-inch frame, one dozen special saw blades, four colored pictures, six inches by eight inches, four pieces of plywood, six inches by eight inches, and a package

of glue. All may be had for two dollars. Another standard scroll saw, eight inches in depth, with twelve blades, sells for one dollar.

In using the saw, the blades must be put in with the little jagged teeth pointing down, so that you cut on the downward stroke. A light gentle pressure is used to prevent breaking the thread-like blades. Incidentally either of two size blades is recommended for puzzle work, and double tooth saws are preferred. For the smaller cuts a blade with thirty-eight teeth to the inch, and .008 of an inch thick and .028 of an inch wide is advised. For larger cuts a blade with thirty-three teeth to the inch, and .008 of an inch thick and .028 of an inch wide is satisfactory.

Place your work on a table, using a board to protect the table top. This board should have one or two notches about two and one-half inches deep cut in it to provide an opening for the saw, and it should either be clamped to the table or permanently attached. Hold the puzzle and turn it with your left hand as you progress. Keep the portion that you are sawing as close to the edge of the board as possible, for if you let the puzzle extend far out over the edge you may split the wood. Work with the picture right side up, facing you. Any hairy or rough edges on the back of the pieces may be smoothed down with a piece of fine sandpaper.

You will find it much easier if you first cut the puzzle in four pieces, following an irregular line from the outside edges to the center, then make the smaller cuts in these pieces. You can either trace the cuts in the pattern you want on the mounted picture, or you can work out your design as you go along. That, too, is fun.

## Letters from Andree

(Continued from page 33)

envelopes are stuck because of the rain last night. You ought to see how funny they look.

I have so much to tell you that I think I shall begin where I left off and tell you what I did Friday.

Friday morning Lee came over for dramatics. We're going to give two tableaux for Scout's Own tonight—*Moses in the Bullrushes* and *Naomi and Ruth*. We've chosen both people and costumes for color and propriety. I'm in the first, and I have to wear as part of my costume a heavenly blue georgette veil about four yards long. It's going to be attached to my beano with a piece of silver cloth. We're giving the tableaux in the Poncho Playhouse, which is our outdoor theater. The stage we're going to use is a rocky ledge, which is surrounded by a great deal of underbrush. The extra girls are going to dress in green costumes and act as curtains.

The second tableau only has three people in it, but it ought to be just swell. The people in it were chosen for their hair. Molly is one of the daughters, and she is wearing powder blue georgette draped all over, and her blonde hair, which is quite long, is going to look very pretty. Demmy has a bright orange costume and her hair's going to be let down, too. It's really beautiful—comes below her waist, and it's very dark, silky, and wavy. And the poor dumbbell

wears it back tight in a washerwoman's knot.

Friday, after rest hour, Molly and I were singing together. She was singing alto, and I was singing soprano, and we were having a grand time when Br'er Rabbit came in and told us that it sounded nice, and asked us to do it for the unit—our councilors serenade us at night or read to us or something like that.

Yesterday morning we picked blackberries and entertained the downhill staff for lunch. We had the best eats and our ten were cooks.

This is what we had: peach and blackberry salad—it's the prettiest yet; cream cheese and olive sandwiches; watermelon rind sandwiches—they were cut in shapes of little bears; punch and marguerites—ginger snaps with marshmallow melted on top. How's that for a camp luncheon?

After supper we went to Macy, and they gave a minstrel play at Great Hall. They had banquet tables on the steps and they sang songs and danced on the lawn.

This morning we were going out in pairs and cook our own breakfasts on our own fires, but it's very damp, so we are having a free-for-all hike. After breakfast, I have to get rushes for the play. I'm going to take a shower after lunch and pray someone comes to see us—maybe someone will.

This is a record breaking letter. Love,  
JANE



## Empty Pockets!

HAVING empty pockets is a distressing situation. And sometimes there is nothing one can do about it. Except to weep over it, perhaps. But tears never help much.

Betty Brooks found Peggy in tears only a short while ago. She, too, had empty pockets. The much-talked-of depression had hit her—not directly, of course, but hit her it had. A big bad-business billow had struck her family and she was beginning to feel the vibrations and ripples of it. For Peggy's clothes' budget had to be reduced and her allowance cut down. "It's only temporary, Peggy dear," her mother had told her, but in the meantime it was a terrific blow. No wonder Peggy wept! It was the old story—empty pockets and tears.

But Betty Brooks found Peggy in time. She showed her a way out of her difficulty. And she has been showing hundreds of other girls all over the country how to fill empty pockets and drive away tears.

### Has the Depression

#### Hit You, Too?

If so, you, too, can profit by what Betty Brooks has to offer. Write her today and let her help you tide over bad times and get the things you need.

### Mail

#### this

#### today!

-----  
Dear Betty Brooks  
THE AMERICAN GIRL  
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Like everyone else, I, too, have felt that ogre Depression! Will you tell me how I can refill my pockets and get the many things I need?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City ..... State .....

## The Log of the *Altair*

(Continued from page 46)

flapping and looking perfectly enormous. The machine did the heavy work, but the sail still had to be well set, and we tackled on to the throat and peak halyards and sweated up on them until we heard the mate yell, "Bela-a-ay!" The schooner was fidgeting throughout her whole length like a live thing wanting to go. While we'd been getting the gaskets off the foresail, Cap'n Battle had started the thing that gets up the anchor. The minute it got clear of the bottom the *Altair's* head began to pay off and the mainsail started to fill. We got the foresail up and set and the halyards made fast, and by this time we were breathless with heat, exercise, and excitement. The jib and the fore staysail had to be hoisted by hand, and that was when we really put some back into our pulling. Bud started, "What'll we do with a lazy sailor?" and we all came in on, "Way-hey and up she rises!" Up the jib did rise, too. We realized that the *Altair* was moving, now.

SILENTLY and without any feeling of motion or confusion, she was gently slipping along. It was just then that we noticed quite a confusion aft, and saw that the mates and Dick were helping somebody to climb over the rail, and that a skiff with a boy resting on his oars was falling astern in the *Altair's* wake.

It was Peter Lucas! We got the jib sheets belayed and then crowded aft to see.

"I don't know whether you really meant me to accept your invitation," he was saying to Skipper, "but I got to thinking of it, and—here I am."

"Hurray!" we shouted, and I added, "What about the antiquities?"

"I've left them to rot," Mr. Lucas said.

"Good," said Skipper. "Dick, find Peter somewhere to bunk."

Skipper is what grown-ups call "delightfully informal." It is a grand way to be made. In this manner did Peter become one of our ship's company, and it was well for him that he did, as you shall see later. Well, we were actually sailing, and we didn't let Peter's unexpected arrival distract us long. There was Bos'n piping again, and we turned to listen.

"Port watch on duty," the first mate yelled. "Starboard watch off till eight bells. Scotch, relieve Skipper at the wheel."

I really thought Scotch was going to have some kind of fit, she got so red, and her blue eyes bulged like buttons. She gulped out a husky "aye, aye," and stepping smartly up to the wheel, took it over from Skipper. Evidently there was more pull to it than she'd thought, because it kicked out of her hands for a minute, and the *Altair* fell off with a great shivering of sails. But Scotch got her back the next instant, and Skipper smiled and gave her the course. And every one of us was envying her.

We were running along down the channel at quite a good clip, now, and we Port Watchers stood

ready to tail on to the sheets should the schooner come about, as she would have to before very long. Sure enough, there was a yell of "Stand by to go about!" and we bounced to tend sheets. It was a thrilling moment when Scotch, frowning anxiously, put the helm over and the *Altair* swung slowly. The big booms went across, the jibs shivered and then filled again, the schooner heeled a little and found herself, and was off on her new tack almost before we'd had time to worry about her.

We made a place called Horsehead Bay, after a glorious run, and slipped in between two lovely long arms of white sand that reached out and made the harbor. Where we anchored, there was not sand but a good holding bottom. The *Altair* glided in like a lovely bird, and rounded into the wind; then an uproar burst out of whistles, and orders, and we ran back and forth, and the mainsail came down too fast, burying a number of people in its huge gray folds which went all over the deck. In fact Peanut was not found till some time later when we partly hoisted the sail again and got it down and furled properly. Then we discovered her, prone on the deck. She sat up at once, picking things out of her mouth, and sputtered:

"Didn't you hear me screaming from that living tomb, you beasts?"

In due course, came our first night aboard. We were each to stand anchor watch for a short time during the night. Scotch and I stood watch about two in the morning, and it was far too wonderful to write about. I can't describe the stillness and the stars, and the little faint talking the *Altair* made as the tide turned and she slowly swung to it. It was so dark the shore was invisible. You could just see parts of the *Altair* silhouetted against a very faintly lighter sky—and the riding light, yellower and nearer than the stars. The air was cool and still and salt, and you couldn't have talked above a whisper if you'd tried. We sat at the butt of the bowsprit and inspected the anchor cable now and then, and looked to see if the riding light burned steadily.

WHEN Bud and Sticky came to relieve us, we hated to go, but Scotch said, "Stars shining, light sou'west air, all's well and lights burning bright." Bud repeated this statement and they both saluted, and then we turned in again. But I could feel the *Altair* breathing under me on the faint swell, and hear her creaking whispers of ropes and sheaves; and I lay awake till the sky was paler and the dark line of dunes began to show ashore. Then I fell asleep so hard that we were getting well under way before I woke up.

The fine sun we started with

didn't last long. The wind shifted and it began to thicken up outside. "Fawg," Cap'n Battle said, sniffing. The navigators looked at the chart in a hurry and decided they could make Nelson's Inlet.

THE wind was down to almost nothing, and the *Altair's* sails were hardly filled at all. The booms clanked back and forth as she barely slid along. Her topmasts were invisible, and standing in the bow you could scarcely see whoever was at the wheel.

I was in the bow, peering ahead as best I could. Peter Lucas stood beside me, blowing every minute or so on a fish horn. We had some kind of mechanical foghorn, too, that howled when you turned the crank, and Libby was grinding away on it, but I really think the fish horn made more noise. Between blasts Peter would give me an encouraging look and make a rather gasping remark about something, but I felt as if I were all done up in a cobweb and couldn't hear. Possum was stationed at the bell and beat on it at intervals of a minute. Altogether, it was the most dismal and ghostly progress you can imagine—the white silence broken by those yowls and clangings, and the *Altair* feeling her way along so cautiously.

"Jest drift along easy and keep a-bellerin' an' a-watchin'," Cap'n Battle advised, and it was really all we could do. People loomed along the deck like ghosts, and vanished in the grayness as if they'd stepped into the sea. Scotch appeared suddenly beside me, with the wetness in beads on her sandy hair, and said:

"I feel as if we were aboard the *Flying Dutchman* or something. Woo! Spooky!"

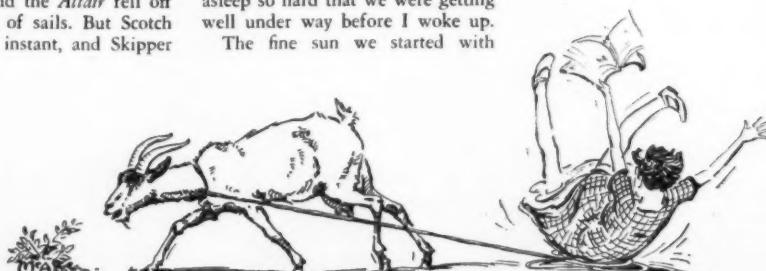
At that minute a fresh puff of wind came from behind the fog, and we thought it really was going to lift. The *Altair* cheered up and started sweeping along at a new pace. But just as she gathered way and we could hear the water begin to swash and bubble again around her forefoot, Marge, who was looking down over the bow, gave a perfectly dreadful shriek. A dark something was right there—a boat! We just saw a white face looking up.

"Hard over helm!" some one yelled.

"Boat dead ahead—we're running it down!"

People shouted or were silent, according to their natures. I can't remember what I did—sort of froze foggily, I think. There was a horrible thudding, crunching, squashing sound—and the boat was down somewhere under the *Altair's* foot, gone, sunk.

**Frightful, that feeling of standing by, helpless on a larger boat while down below somewhere in the fog is the answer which one must know, yet dreads to hear—is the small boat lost? Is there hope? The August instalment will reveal the truth and arouse your imagination. What next will happen?**





## Laugh and Grow Scout

### Speedy

In a small town a celebrated gentleman was about to take his farewell of the community. The town, small though it was, decided to present the famous man with a watch as a gift. A member of the Village Council who had long boasted of being a practised orator was for this reason called upon to make the farewell speech. During the course of his oration when the gift was being presented he said, "We have gathered here to bid farewell to a man whom I need not introduce. As I said we have gathered here to present him with a little momentum."—Sent by HARRIET-ELLEN P. LEIB, New London, Connecticut.

### Too True

She insisted on taking innumerable frocks with her, and they arrived at the station loaded with luggage.

"I wish," said her husband thoughtfully, "that we'd brought the piano."

"You needn't try to be sarcastic," came the frigid reply. "It's not a bit funny."

"I'm not trying to be funny," he explained sadly. "I left the tickets on it."—Sent by LOUISE SALLS, Nyack, New York.



### An Easy Art

**Critic:** Ah! And what is this? It is superb! Beautiful! What expression!

**Artist:** Yeah? That's where I clean the paint off my brushes.—Sent by RUTH PAUL, Alton, Illinois.

### Not Quite

**Mother:** What did you learn in school today, Mary?

**Mary:** I learned to spell "can't".

**Mother:** Spell it for me.

**Mary:** Ca-n and possibly t.—Sent by VIOLA C. HULLINGER, Valier, Montana.

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



#### Little Drops

**JOHNNY:** The medicine isn't so nasty as it used to be, Mamma. I'm gettin' used to it.

**MOTHER:** Did you take a whole spoonful every hour?

**JOHNNY:** No'm, I couldn't find a spoon so I'm using a fork.—Sent by MARY JANE BERRIE, Portsmouth, Ohio.

*Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.*

### Weighty

"It would please me mighty well, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you go to the theater with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Stout.

"Oh, come now," he protested, "you're not so heavy as all that."—Sent by BERNICE HOWELL, Louisville, Kentucky.

### No Quarter

KIND GENTLEMAN (to a little boy eating an apple): Look out for the worms, Sonny.

**LITTLE BOY:**

When I eat apples the worms have to look out for themselves.—Sent by BETTY BERRY, Richmond, Virginia.



### Hardly an Alibi

When little Billie brought home his report on his examination, his mother looking at the report exclaimed, "Why, Billie, why did you get such low marks?"

Billie replied, "I would have received higher ones if I had looked at John's paper instead of Henry's."—Sent by MARY HEAD ROCK, Farmont, West Virginia.

### Deflation

Billy is the proud possessor of a Boston terrier puppy with very erect ears.

One day Billy found his puppy asleep, his ears completely limp; so calling his mother he said, "Come here quick! All the air has gone out of my puppy's ears."—Sent by MARY ELSIE DEAL, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

### Smart Man

Three boys decided to fool the biology professor at the summer camp.

They got the body of a moth and to this attached the wings of a butterfly and the head of a dragonfly and showed it to him.

"Did it hum?" he questioned.

They nudged each other. "Yes."

"Well, I think it must be a hum-bug."—Sent by BEA ROTHSCHILD, Atlanta, Georgia.

## Yes, Sunburn is a Burn!

Sunburn is a Burn like any other burn and should be treated with a burn remedy—UNGUENTINE.

Unguentine goes as deep as the burn, stops the pain, prevents infection, hastens healing.

### USE IT ALL SUMMER LONG

Keep on using Unguentine to develop a healthy tan... to soothe the flaming skin of irritations, eruptions, wind-burn, and insect bites. Unguentine is good medicine for bad skins.



## Unguentine

YOUR DOCTOR'S CHOICE

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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE  
ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

## WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



KATHERINE SHANE BUSHNELL.

You all know her charming illustrations for Hazel Rawson Cades's articles and for our fashion pages. She began at sixteen to study at the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, then went to Philadelphia and studied in Mr. Server's classes at night, meanwhile painting candy boxes by day for Wanamaker's. "I was born in Peoria, Illinois," Mrs. Bushnell writes, "but I have lived in New York almost continuously from 1921. I've done fashion drawings for most of the big stores and several magazines. I like to draw children and young girls better than anything else. My ambitions are to draw a children's comic strip in color and to decorate the walls of nurseries. My hobbies are taking my babies to the zoo to feed the billygoat, and dancing."

**GLORIA HOLLISTER.** Miss Hollister's picture appears in connection with her article in this issue of the magazine. She has had so many exciting adventures that it's hard to get them all in one article. That is why we are hoping that she will write us another story about her Bermuda expedition with Dr. William Beebe. Miss Hollister is a First Class Girl Scout and says that a great deal of her early Nature study was carried on during Girl Scout hikes.



ARMSTRONG SPERRY. He happens to be numbered among our artists this month but you will remember in our June issue he was both artist and author of the story *South Sea Adventure*. He has lived in the South Sea Islands and

knows intimately the background of these romantic places. He was born in Connecticut but his grandfathers were New England sea captains and from them he inherited a desire to roam. After he had become a successful commercial artist and illustrator in New York City, he suddenly packed his trunk and sailed for Tahiti. From there he took a small schooner and headed for Bora Bora, where he lived for six months, learning native songs and eating such native foods as breadfruit, baked fish, oranges, papayas, and coconuts. A charming book telling of a day in the life of a small South Sea Island boy, written and illustrated by Mr. Sperry, has just been published. It is called *One Day with Manu*. We plan to review it very shortly in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

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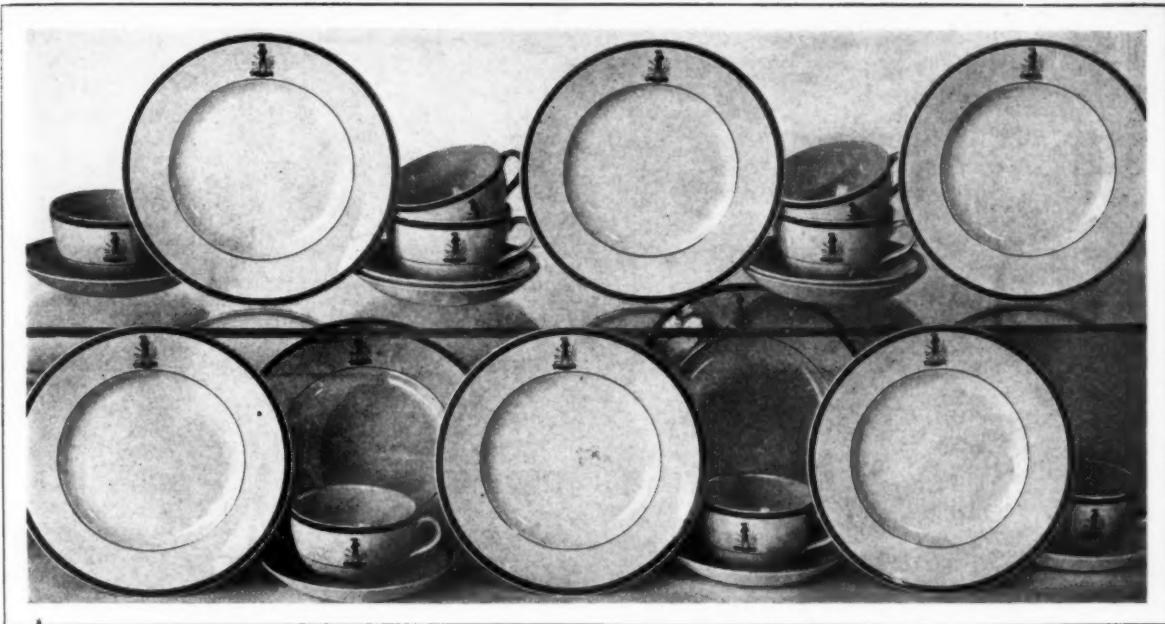
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EDITH BALLINGER PRICE. She comes by her fellowship with the sea as a natural inheritance—her ancestors came over to this country in the good ship, *Ark and Dove* in 1647, and her grandfather was William T. Richards, the noted marine painter. So it is no wonder that Miss Price is best pleased when she lives close to the sea—as she does at Newport, Rhode Island. Miss Price is also very much identified with Girl Scouting. She was formerly Great Brown Owl of the Brownies and is still on the Brownie Committee. Did you read her story in the January issue?

COMING. Next month Miss Lucile Marsh will tell you some fascinating stunts to do on sandbars. There will be an article on making wooden international dolls by Miriam Plante and stories by Hubert Evans, Leslie Warren and other favorites. In the meantime, don't get so interested in your summer vacation plans that you forget about THE AMERICAN GIRL Playwrighting Contest. Remember that all plays must be in THE AMERICAN GIRL office by midnight of August first. It is true that we have reminded you of the date in two other places in the magazine but just so long as you don't forget—Remember too, that the Handicraft Contest closes at midnight July fifteenth. Be sure to have your entry in the mail by that important day. Certainly, you will remember in time.



## Does Your Troop Have Its Own China Set?



THESE two troops, shown using their *American Girl* tea sets, were among the first to win the award. The girls in the above picture are members of Pine Tree Troop No. 1 of Westwood, New Jersey, while the picture to the right shows the girls of Oritam Troop No. 4, also of Westwood.

Anne Johnson Passmore, Captain of Oritam Troop, has this to tell you: "The china set started our troop on many projects. We are covering the tops of four old card tables with colored papers from Christmas envelopes. We will get our tea spoons from profit-sharing coupons. We are giving a tea for the mothers of our troop at which the Second Class Scouts will make the cakes and tea. All in all, our troop has been very busy since we earned *The American Girl* tea set."

Why don't you write to Betty Brooks today?

**Y**OU will feel especially proud to entertain guests at troop meetings if you serve them tea on your own *American Girl* tea set.

More than forty troops have earned this lovely 24-piece tea set. Ask your captain to write Betty Brooks, in care of *The American Girl*, 570 Lexington Ave., New York City, for information. She will tell you how to secure the set.



*Newspaper*

## PREVENT INFECTION



WOUNDS, however small, may become infected. The prompt use of an effective antiseptic is an important preventive measure.

The first defense against infected wounds during the summer camp is a good antiseptic. It is an essential part of every first aid kit.

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should be used in the first aid care of all minor wounds, scratches and abrasions. In more serious cases, of course, a physician should be consulted.

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